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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Dockyard Doubts

BRITAIN'S answer to Malta's fears of unemployment and poverty posed by the closing of the Naval dockyard has been to announce a scheme to reorganise the island's economy on a new commercial basis. The dockyard is transferred from the Royal Navy to a private firm, but if Maltese tend to look askance at the proposal they cannot be blamed.

For while the investors (which include the British Government's Colonial Development Corporation) are not likely to sink so much capital in a project which will not pay its way, the appeal of a mid-ocean dry dock has yet to be proved. While there may be no lack of ships in ballast passing the island, most owners prefer repairs to be undertaken at terminal ports. Competition from continental ports will also prove a severe test to a dockyard which has been run for so long on uncommercial principles.

Cooler Feeling

IT remains to be seen how the Government of Malta, when it is reconstituted, regards the proposal. If Mr Mintoff returns, he may not be so keen to press his recent ultimatum of "integration or independence." Feeling in Britain since the recent trouble which led to Governor Sir Robert Laycock assuming authority, has cooled considerably to the idea of adopting the George Cross island.

Mr Mintoff has shown himself to be no better than any one of a long line of mob patriots which nationalism has thrown up in many parts of the world in the postwar years. And it is not easy to embrace an already undesirable snail which splits his contempt as flagrantly as the late Premier of Malta.

In view of this feeling and the doubt which surrounds the dockyard's prospects, Mr Mintoff may, despite his anger at having such an important arrangement concluded over his head, find it politic not to upset further the Government of a country which, out of a sense of loyalty and decency, but not business principles, may help to keep his yard active when orders are slow in materialising.

FOOT'S 'LAST-DITCH' APPEAL

Sends Dramatic Letter To Makarios

London, Aug. 15. Sir Hugh Foot Governor of Cyprus, today made a dramatic "last-ditch" appeal to Archbishop Makarios, exiled Greek Cypriot leader, for co-operation on the future of Cyprus.

The appeal, disclosed in Nicosia tonight, was in a letter sent to the Governor to the Archbishop with the advance text of a British statement which was issued in London today.

Earnestly

The letter said: "I hope you will appreciate how important the statement is. It gives all an opportunity — perhaps the last — to make a new start for peace and progress in Cyprus."

"I most earnestly urge you not to throw away this opportunity of working together in a spirit of compromise and co-operation."

EOKA MEN CUT WOMEN'S HAIR OFF

Nicosia, Aug. 15. Masked gunmen appeared in three Cyprus villages today and publicly cut off the hair of three Cypriot women, according to reports reaching here tonight.

Two of the women, at Karavas and Kileghra villages in north Cyprus, had sold food to Turkish soldiers, the women claimed, and the third woman, at Lefkara, south of Famagusta, was accused of "acting against EOKA interests."

But the Turkish community leader, Dr. Fadil Kutluk, was opposed to the Archbishop's return, saying it would mean the resumption of violence.

Dr. Kutluk said his community would accept whatever the Turkish Government accepted. While there was no immediate official reaction in Turkey, political circles were disappointed because the British statement did not refer to partition—the only final solution in Cyprus in their view.

Meanwhile, the Greek delegate at the United Nations in New York today asked for the Cyprus question to be put on the agenda of the next regular session of the General Assembly, due on September 18.—Reuter.

Monday Meeting

United Nations, Aug. 15. It was announced officially today that the U.N. General Assembly would not meet over the week-end, but would resume Monday morning.—Reuter.

PESSIMISM OVER MOON SHOOT ATTEMPT

Washington, Aug. 15. U.S. Air Force missile experts expressed some pessimism today about their chances of putting a 30-pound mushroom-shaped satellite in orbit round the moon early next week.

They said that the ballistic and guidance problems involved in putting the instrumented satellite in orbit were so complex and contained so many unknown factors that the shot had only an infinitesimal chance of success.

The operation, dubbed "Mona", is expected to be launched on Sunday morning or within the following three days.

The Defence Department, in a cautious communique, warned against too much optimism over the moon shoot.

In fact, the celestial artillerymen at Cape Canaveral Missile Centre, in their bid to orbit the satellite some 20,000 miles from the moon, will be in the same position as a man on a merry-go-round trying to throw a tennis ball to a distant object revolving at different speed, around the merry-go-round.—France-Press.

BURNT AND MUTILATED BODIES OF CRASH VICTIMS BROUGHT IN

Aircraft May Have Exploded

Galway, Aug. 15. The French trawlers Jules Verne and Bisson arrived at Galway Harbour tonight with 16 bodies of victims of the KLM Super-Constellation which crashed into the storm-tossed Atlantic off the Irish coast yesterday.

Malik Takes Seat In UN

United Nations, Aug. 15. Dr. Charles Malik, Lebanon's Foreign Minister, took his seat in the General Assembly today at the head of the Lebanese delegation.

He entered the chamber as the New Zealand delegate was delivering his statement from the podium.

Dr. Karim Azkoul, Lebanon's resident representative, accompanied Dr. Malik.—Reuter.

SNIPERS HIT PLANE

Beirut, Aug. 15. A United States Navy reconnaissance plane was hit by snipers' bullets north of Tripoli today.

The plane, based aboard the aircraft carrier Essex, returned to the ship with three bullet holes—one in the wing and one in the fuselage a few feet in front of the pilot.

The pilot reported his plane had been hit on a low-flying reconnaissance but no serious damage had been caused and he made a "normal" return flight to the Essex.—Reuter.

Observers' Report On Lebanon

United Nations, Aug. 15. The smuggling of arms across the Lebanese border, which might have taken place on a limited scale, has further diminished since the presidential election of July 31 and a truce is in effect, the United Nations observer group in Lebanon reported today.

In its report, the group said that its future role would depend upon the progress made towards a solution of the country's internal political problems.

The report said the observers were welcomed both by supporters of the government and of the opposition. It said that the passage of their patrols, symbolising the presence of the United Nations, appeared to inspire calm and confidence.—France-Press.

Remains Serious

Capetown, Aug. 15. The South African Prime Minister, Mr. Johannes Strijdom, had a good rest this afternoon, but his condition tonight remains serious and unchanged since last night, an official bulletin said.—Reuter.

HAMMARSKJOLD MAY FLY TO MIDDLE EAST

By MICHAEL LITTLEJOHNS

United Nations, Aug. 15.

Authoritative Western sources predicted today that the Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, would soon fly to the Middle East to negotiate arrangements enabling Britain and the United States to withdraw from Jordan and Lebanon.

The informants forecast the adoption early next week of a General Assembly resolution giving Mr. Hammarskjold a mandate to expand the observation group in Lebanon and set up a "United Nations presence" in Jordan.

They said that wide support was swinging in favour of a Western-promoted draft, and already the necessary two-thirds majority of 54 votes appeared assured for its endorsement in the Assembly.

Resolution Soon

The sources said they expected the resolution to be tabled fairly soon, but its sponsorship was uncertain. Norway, Canada and Japan were among the nations which would be involved in discussions on this point.

There was thought to be a likelihood of the Assembly's rising next Thursday or Friday, with Mr. Hammarskjold probably flying out on his mission of negotiation shortly afterwards—perhaps next week-end.

British sources today continued to throw cold water on growing speculation that the key foreign ministers would soon get together for private talks under Mr. Hammarskjold's auspices.

But they did not entirely rule out the possibility if Western forecasts of likely developments in the next few days were not justified.

Substantial

Mr. Dulles has had a number of conversations with the Soviet Minister, and according to usually reliable sources today, they had reached a substantial degree of agreement on arrangements for Lebanon which would enable the United States to withdraw.

These arrangements presumably would be principally an extension of the observation operation.

The West takes the view that Jordan offers more complex problems than Lebanon, but diplomatic informants professed not to be overtly concerned by the statement yesterday of the Jordanian delegate, Mr. Akhed Monem, that his country would oppose stationing of a United Nations force or observer group.

British sources made the point that Mr. Rifal had not excluded the possibility of having a "United Nations presence" in Jordan, nor had he asked for

UAR Fear?

Despite alarm in some quarters about the pressures against King Hussein, there was an apparent disposition to the view that the U.A.R. was unlikely to move at present for fear of the consequences from Israel, Jordan's western neighbour.

Britain was said to see the Middle East situation and steps for dealing with it in four stages, the first of which had already been taken.

★ The Anglo-American landings in Jordan and Lebanon.

★ A mandate for Mr. Hammarskjold to fly to Amman and Beirut to negotiate for a United Nations "presence" so that the foreign troops might be withdrawn.

★ Phased withdrawals as the UN "presence" moved in.

★ Ultimate removal of the "presence," with the possibility of Jordan and Lebanon's neutrality being guaranteed on the pattern of Austria.—Reuter.

EX-DELEGATE STILL LOYAL

United Nations, Aug. 15.

Jordan's UN Delegate Baha Toukan said today that he had resigned from his post because he was "in complete disagreement with the policy" of his Government.

However, Toukan said, "I remain loyal to my king, in whom I have every confidence."

Toukan said that the Jordanian Government's present policy, as shown in the speech of its successor Monem Rifal in the UN only aggravates tension in the Middle East.

Jordan is "isolated" from the rest of the Arab world by its Government, he said, adding that Jordan's situation can be improved only along with the rest of the Arab countries, and particularly its neighbours.—France-Press.

KHRUSHCHEV PLEDGES NOT TO USE NUCLEAR WEAPONS IF...

Moscow, Aug. 15. MR Nikita Khrushchev in a letter published here tonight, said Russia was ready to pledge, jointly with the governments of the United States and Britain, not to use nuclear weapons in any circumstances, either by means of aircraft or rockets.

The Soviet Prime Minister made this statement in a letter sent to leaders of the Brezhnev, Essex, division of the "Movement for Nuclear Disarmament" according to the Soviet News Agency Tass.

The letter, addressed to Mr. Kenneth Wilber, Chairman of the Organisation, and to Mrs. Barbara Foster, its Honorary Secretary, also said that the Soviet Union would continue to work for the banning of nuclear

weapons and would do everything in its power to reduce ranking of the dangers of a nuclear war.

The reply was sent on August 12.

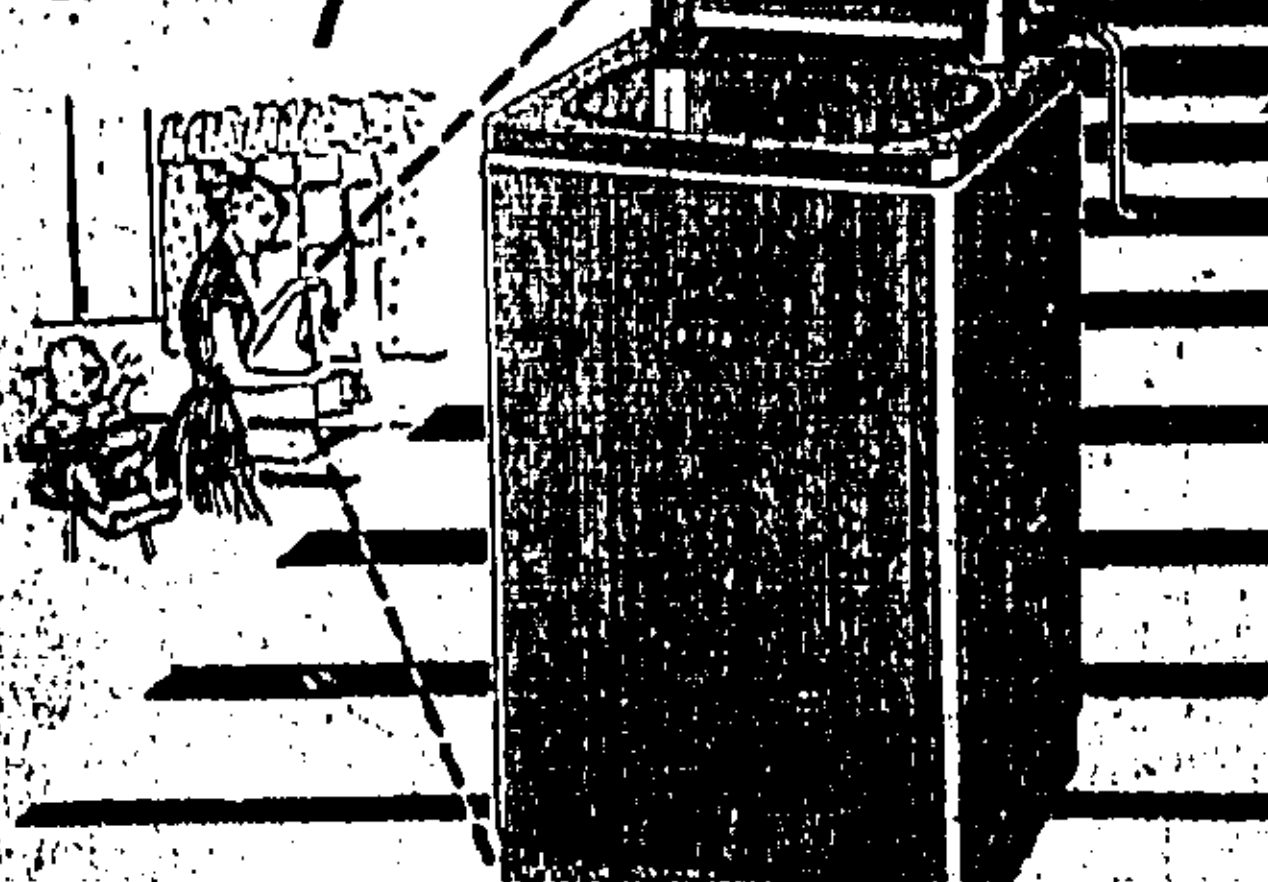
Mr. Khrushchev recalled in his letter that Russia had repeatedly offered to assume jointly with Britain and the USA an obligation to renounce the use of nuclear and hydrogen weapons.

He said the British Government could, if it had wanted to, have done much to relieve its own and other people from the "frantic nuclear arms race."

However, recent events had shown that the British Government, unfortunately, chose an entirely different road.

Jointly with USA, it was engaged in "unprovoked armed intervention" in the Middle East, which threatened to end in a world conflict.—Reuter.

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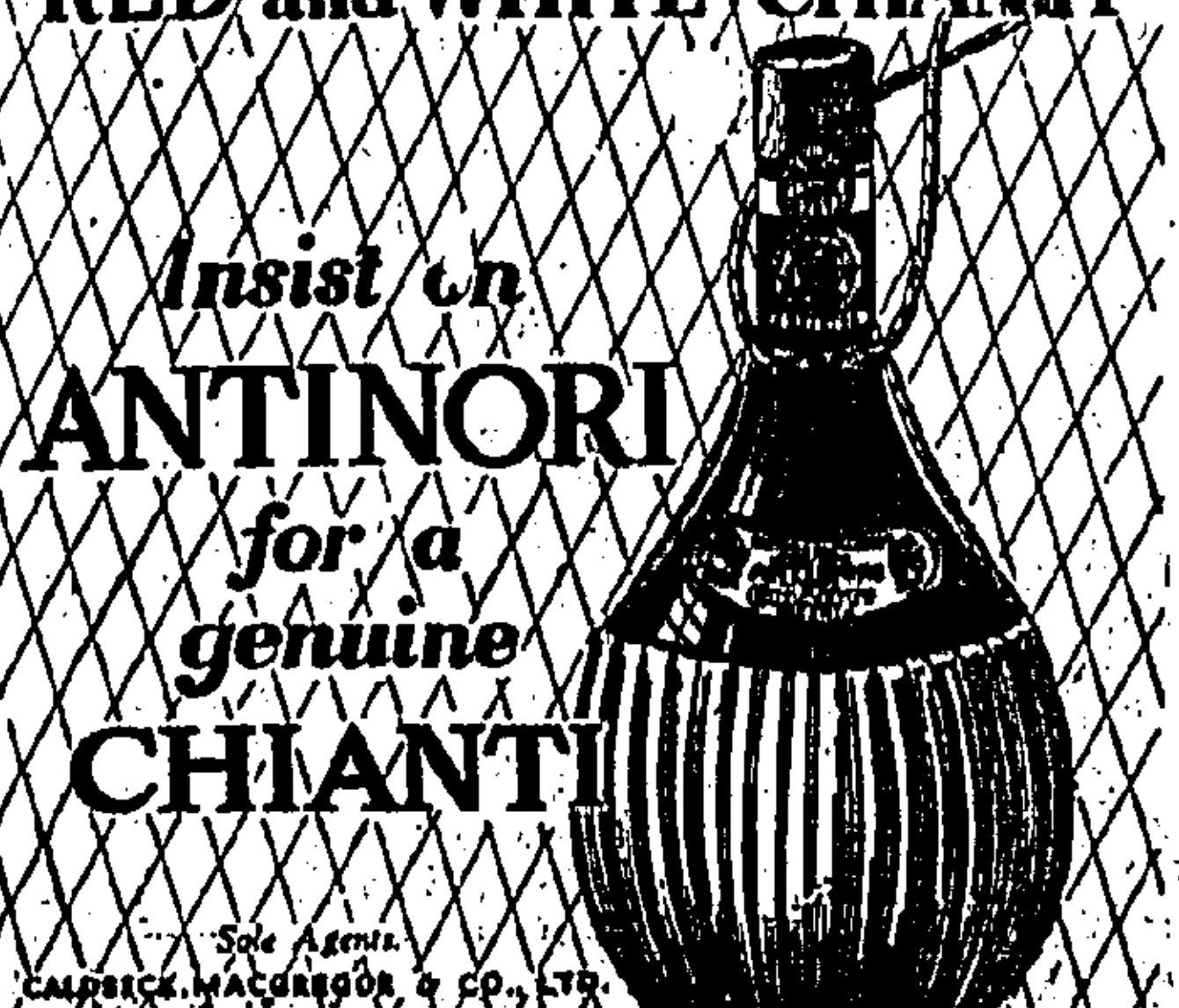
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KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

From the Musical Hit "Hazel Flagg"

Dean Martin Jerry Lewis

LIVING IT UP

Technicolor

Janet Leigh Edward Andrews

Produced by PAUL JONES - Directed by NORMAN TAUBOG - Screenplay by JACK ROSE and MELVILLE SHAYELSON FROM THE MUSICAL COMEDY HAZEL FLAGG BOOK BY BEN HURDY - MUSIC BY JULES ETIENNE LYRICS BY BOB MELLAND - BASED ON A STORY BY JAMES STREET - A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

SONGS!

Money Burns A Hole In My Pocket
Every Street Is Swept By The Wind
That's What I Like - Champagne and Wedding Cake
You Are The Dream
How Do You Spend The Day
You're Gonna Dance With Me

KING'S PRINCESS

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"LIVING IT UP"

Extra Morning Show at 12.15 p.m.

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Columbia presents THE THREE STOOGES & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Variety Programme

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS WEEK-END MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox Spencer Tracy - Richard Widmark - Robert Wagner in "BROKEN LANCE" in CinemaScope & Technicolor

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. RKO presents

WALT DISNEY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Variety Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Columbia presents

Marlon Brando in "ON THE WATERFRONT"

To-morrow at PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m., 12.30 p.m. & 2.30 p.m. shows. Free drinks of OVALTINE

Morning Show Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

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STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX WALT DISNEY'S LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. 20th Century Fox presents In CinemaScope & Color "23 PACES TO BAKER STREET" Starring: Van JOHNSON • Vera MILES

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FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

SUBSTITUTE gold lame and burgundy crepe pyjamas for silk stockings and you have much the same set-up in "Jet Pilot" as was so amusingly shown in "Silk Stockings." In fact I was so confused between resemblances in the plot of the former that I had to see it twice to sort out the essential differences.

Of course the acting is of very different standards. I liked John Wayne as the USAF Colonel of the narrow-eyed and judicious judgment, but he was a very different type from the Fred Astaire characterisation.

Janet Leigh's interpretation of a Russian woman pilot consisted of a swanky swagger and good angle-shots with head thrown back or in a drooping pose to display her clustering curls. Her chequerboard slippers and idiomatic dialogue were as American as pumpkin pie. But she is pretty and dewy-lipped and thoroughly enjoyed the part she was playing.

It is a very good show-off role and certainly if she had been able to handle a jet of the T-33 type as well as it was flown in the film and as smartly as she handled Wayne, she would have been a remarkable woman indeed.

The aerial duels by Wayne and Leigh were a joy to watch, only marred by the inevitable crescendo of musical background whenever they soared into the clouds. The tearing screams of Sabre jets over a U.S. air base in Alaska as Leigh did a most provocative strip-tease were a little overdone but they made their point.

It seemed incredible that a young woman as hard and irreligious as the pilot cum spy portrayed should run after a young couple seeking accommodation at a Florida beach resort and offer to share her room with them with a truly generous American-like gesture. Yet the same girl could knock out cold the man she loved when she suspected him of espionage against the Soviet.

Still the ball which ostensibly lured her back from Russia, apart from the rather vulgar

pyjamas, was admitted to be the stiletto and this girl could only talk and kick with her mouth full in the closing scene.

★ ★ ★
A STRONG cast is headed by Stanley Baker, Peter Cushing, Anne Heywood and David McCallum in "Violent Playground" showing at the Lee and Astor this weekend.

A Rank Organisation production, made at Pinewood Studios near London, based upon a scheme for preventing juvenile crime and pioneered in the Liverpool dockland area.

The story written compassionately was built upon facts of a notable social experiment. A scheme for preventing juvenile crime and pioneered in the Northern city.

★ ★ ★
YOUNG and old of all nationalities will enjoy the antics of Charlie Chaplin and a chubby little Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," an old classic released with new musical synchronisation showing at the Metropole and Star.

With dimly-remembered memories of the comic capers of a pudgy little man with a mischievous grin and a twinkling cane in a nicker-nick film, I went along to see the revival of interest rather than anticipation. I had forgotten about the magic which still attracts the young and old and how the swift reaction of Chinese colleagues at the preview showing. They loved it and so did I.

Of course it is melodrama with a capital M. There is the cruelly, ungrateful mother, emerging from a charity hospital with a strange white bundle which she clutches fiercely to her bosom.

Her soulful dark eyes are troubled under her shabby straw hat and she wanders through the park in desperation wondering how to dispose of her beloved baby. Then she sees a limousine of 1920 vintage in the grounds of a mansion and with many backward glances places the bundle on the back seat, praying that wealthy folk will find and rear the baby.

Then dramatically out of the bushes rush the car thieves and drive the limousine with its special cargo into the city slums. Hearing the screeches emerging from the bundle they stop the car, dump the baby beside the dustbins and disappear.

Chaplin comes out carefully pulling off old chamois gloves with no fingers, tilting his battered bowler at the right angle and smiling happily along.

With his fatal curiosity he has to investigate the now off-white bundle and is amused by the reactions of the occupant until aware of the city cop. Darting round the block, Chaplin tries to place the bundle beside another in someone's basket and is belaboured with blows from a dejectedly-handled umbrella.

So now he is stuck with the baby and shrugging his shoulders with his usual nonchalance, Chaplin dwells on his plight.

Through trial and error he succeeds in bringing up an angelic little tough guy, who

scampers around in baggy breeches and a cap with its knob at the back. Adoptive father and son work a fascinating racket. Son throws half-bricks through windows and along comes father dispensed as a glazier just at the right moment to run putty up glass with professional flourishes.

The city cop on his beat only adds excitement and causes young Jackie to run, with the help of the cameras, at an incredible speed.

One day along comes a beautiful lady, now a famous film star who distributes apples and candy

bars to the slum children including the five-year-old Jackie. Of course there are many adventures. Intervention of orphanage officials and a nearly tragic illness before all ends well and happily.

It is in all the clever little touches and careful attention to detail that the Chaplin genius charms the audience; humour in the midst of heartbreak and observance of hygiene in indescribable detail. In this the first Chaplin feature comedy you will find entertainment, possibly of the cheapest type offering the richest enjoyment.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & RITZ: "Witness for the Prosecution." An expensive and mysterious melodrama brought to the screen through United Artists. An Arthur Horwath production starring Charles Laughton, Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich, with Elsa Lanchester and John Williams.

Agatha Christie received nearly half a million dollars in United States currency for the sensational story, adapted for the screen by Billy Wilder, and as a stage play it was famous for its unexpected and baffling ending.

With Charles Laughton, distinguished and articulate as ever, as a brilliant barrister; Tyrone Power as the ill-fated accused husband of Marlene Dietrich who gives damning testimony against him; Elsa Lanchester as an inflexible performance as the barrister's private nurse who would like to tie him to her apron strings.

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Kid." One of Charlie Chaplin's early masterpieces which brought fame to a very young Jackie Coogan. Delightful story of a slum-dweller who has a foundling child thrust upon him, who brings him up with certain standards of hygiene and behaviour to be a tough and level-headed young man. He outwits the police and the street bully. Melodrama, pathos and entertainment at genius level, all evident despite the outmoded technique of the cinematograph art.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Living It Up." Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a musical comedy hooley. Described as a merry mélange of music and mirth. Featuring Sherree North in her famous litter-

bug routine, and Janet Leigh and Edward Arnold as co-stars.

About one Homer Flagg whose ambition is to see New York. He jumps a freight car in Desert Hole, New Mexico and after unforeseen adventures is pronounced quite-sure. A newspaper decides to bring him to New York for life's last fling, and send an appropriate sob-story. The sob-story is Janet Leigh, bosomy and not over-bright. Jerry Lewis plays Homer and Dean Martin is his medical attendant.

LEE & ASTOR: "Violent Playground." A powerful and provocative film featuring Stanley Baker, Peter Cushing, Anne Heywood and David McCallum. A tough detective is detailed to befriend backstreet children and prevent them from turning to crime. His adventures around the Liverpool streets with teenage gangsters and Rock 'n' Roll dancers with ritualistic intensity, sub-machine guns in violin cases and a killer on the run, are terrifically realistic.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Jet Pilot." Howard Hughes' variation of the "Silk Stockings" theme, with a background of streamlined jets. John Wayne as a Colonel of the USAF, and Janet Leigh as a very improbable Russian woman pilot, described as a "Siberian Cup-cake" by Wayne.

Entertaining, amusing and full of exciting acrobatics, this film is also incredible and not very well cast. Only the top-brass in the Soviet regime speak English with a slight Russian accent, the smaller fry have a wonderful command of the Yankee vernacular.

COMING

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Female Animal." Not a story of a drink-addicted film actress as the opening might lead one to suppose. Still a peep at Hollywood with the lid off. Hedy Lamarr arriving, head and shoulders above the other women who include Jane Powell and Jan Sterling.

George Nader as the healthy animal the females of varying ages and appeal desire.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed." Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney and Mickey Shaughnessy as horse-mad men in a good-humoured farce concerning vitamin pills, training race horses and bank robberies of an hilarious nature.

LEE & ASTOR: "Dial M for Murder." Alfred Hitchcock's thriller with its significant title, which stars Grace Kelly as wife of Ray Milland, a suave playboy and Robert Cummings as a serious-minded third side to the triangle.

There are the distinctive Hitchcock touches, simple and sinister, ranging from the commonplace to the macabre. A film to see again watching for such things as scissors, keys and the ringing of the telephone.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Revenge of Frankenstein." Columbia's Technicolor film which is more a Dickens story than a modern-day thriller in its opening stages. Only near the end does the revealing nightmare aspect of this drama horrify the spectator.

The acting is of exceptionally high quality with good performances from Peter Cushing, Michael Gwynn, Eunice Gayson and Francis Matthews. The title and the posters are the most putting-off, but it is an all-out horror film very well done indeed.

Lee & Astor

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4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

EVERY CITY HAS ITS BACKLASH YOUTH. Black explosive drama - as the cameras lay bare the heart of a big city and probe the secrets of its Violent Playground!

STANLEY BAKER
PETER CUSHING
ANNE HEYWOOD
DAVID MCCALLUM

VIOLENT PLAYGROUND

Directed by James Seymour
Produced by Michael Balcan
Screenplay by James Seymour
Based on the novel by Louis Brandeis

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 Noon
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
From U-I

ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
"ALADDIN & HIS LAMP"
in Color
At 12.30 p.m.
"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"
In Technicolor

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Please note change of times:
ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

JET-FLAME ACTION!
JET-HOT THRILLS!

HOWARD HUGHES' JET PILOT
JOHN WAYNE
JANET LEIGH
and
U.S. AIR FORCE
"JET PILOT" PAUL HENREID COMEDY
TECHNICOLOR

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance of "JET PILOT" At 12.15 p.m.

TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
Columbia Pictures presents
In CinemaScope & Color
"PICNIC"
Starring: Wm. Holden
Kim Novak

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST-FOX
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
PROGRAMME

HOOVER & RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

Intriguing! Comical! Dramatic!

TYRONE POWER
MARLENE DIETRICH
CHARLES LAUGHTON

Witness for Prosecution

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER at 12.00 noon
Yvonne De Carlo
Carlo Thompson in
"MAGIC FIRE"

RITZ at 12.30 p.m.
Burt Lancaster
Hume Cronyn in
"BRUTE FORCE"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE AMAZING STORY OF A MASTER CRIMINAL TERRIFIC!

LIFE AND LOVES OF A FABULOUS SCOUNDREL
HAY MILLAND
The SAFECRACKER
Starring BARRY JONES
A large & bold melodrama in 24 acts
Produced by BARRY JONES

MAN HUNT
Starring MURRAY CLOSE
A suspenseful thriller in 24 acts
Produced by MURRAY CLOSE

To-morrow Morning Show
MARTIN & LEWIS in
"A BROOKLYN GORILLA"

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THE GREATEST WAR PICTURE EVER MADE!
"THE QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
LIVATRE LOUIS WOLHEIM
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RICHARD DANNING in
"CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN"

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

He Dropped A Bombshell At The Speech Day Head Complains Of Late-night Binges Blames Boys' Parents For Absences

London.
It was Speech Day and after the hymns and an anthem the Head got up to make his report.

Scores of parents and the 200 private-school boys at Hulme Hill College, Cheshire, sat back listening. Suddenly they got a shock. In part of his speech called "Grouse Section" the Head-

TIM BRUSHES OFF THIS MONKEY BUSINESS

By STANLEY BONNETT

London.
ARTIST Timothy Vaughan flicked the handle of his brush, then summed up his rival in a single word: "Clown!"

Which is one way of saying it's all a lot of monkey business.

Timothy is the three-year-old son of a British Medical Association official.

His rival is Congo, that painting chimpanzee at London Zoo. The pictures of boy and chimpanzee are to be shown



TIMOTHY
Dabs and Splashes.

side by side at a Festival Hall exhibition in September.

The object? To find out what a child can see at a tender age that a monkey can't.

Timothy and Congo are sending in 15 paintings each.

As Timothy, wearing a fling-hum smock and using his hand as a palette, worked in the sunlit garden of his home in Elm-grove, Wimbledon, his father, Mr. Paul Vaughan, explained:

"Both child and chimp begin painting with a series of disconnected lines and move forward towards a sort of complex pattern."

"At this point the chimp drops out of the running."

"Timothy can go on to produce a picture, say an aeroplane as a crude cross, or a railway train as a series of dabs."



CONGO
Splashes and Dabs

JULIET IN A NEGLIGEE

London.
A costume brought from Canada for the play "Noon: Has No Shadows" went missing from the dressing room of Miss Suzanne Finlay at the Arts Theatre, London.
In one scene Miss Finlay had to appear as Juliet—and it was the Juliet costume that was lost. Miss Finlay went on wearing a negligee.—China Mail Special.

master, Mr. David P. Rogerson said:

"In many cases boys' prospects are being blighted by avoidable absences. One of them is 'The morning after: the night before'."

"Believe it or not, boys actually fail to come to school following a late-night binge with their parents."

Entertaining

Many parents—they pay £75 a year—feels for each boy at the school—were startled.

Mr. William Morrey, of Woodgrove, Cheshire, Hulme, said: "You could have knocked me down with a feather."

Mr. Morrey, whose 15-year-old son leaves the school this year, added: "A lot of parents are very well placed financially. They come from homes where a lot of entertaining is done and the cocktail cabinet in the lounge is commonplace."

"But it is difficult to believe that boys have late-night binges with their parents and don't turn up to school next morning."

In good part

Mrs. Winifred Brown, whose 15-year-old grandson is a pupil at the school, said:

"It would have been a much better idea if Mr. Rogerson had better idea if Mr. Rogerson had spoken privately to parents and boys whom he thought were to blame."

The headmaster, who recently banned his pupils from using a tuck-shop, said: "Both the boys and their parents took my remarks in good part. They knew what I meant. I was referring to late-night theatre parties and outings during the week."

U.S. Film On Townsend's World Trip?

London.

GROUP Captain Peter Townsend has been discussing plans in London for a film of his world tour, the Daily Mail reports.

The newspaper says he stayed overnight last Sunday at a London hotel. "But checked out hurriedly on Monday afternoon."

The Daily Mail quotes American film producer Victor Skloff as saying: "I have had recent discussions with Mr. Townsend regarding the possibility of making a film of his land-rover tour."

"Final details have still to be fixed but I think we shall be chartering a plane, hiring a crew, and taking the Group Captain's land-rover back along most of the route for filming."

"It is entirely my idea,"—Reuters.

TEDDY BOYS' BIG CARNIVAL

Leamington Spa.

A hundred teddy boys and girls organised a giant carnival in Warwickshire. "to show we are not the layabouts the older generation think us."

Nine thousand people crowded into the town's pump-room gardens to look at slideshow and competitions put on against a background blare from five juke boxes running through their repertoire of 100 "pop" and five tunes.

Proceeds—for comforts for patients at a local hospital—were estimated at £1,000.—China Mail Special.

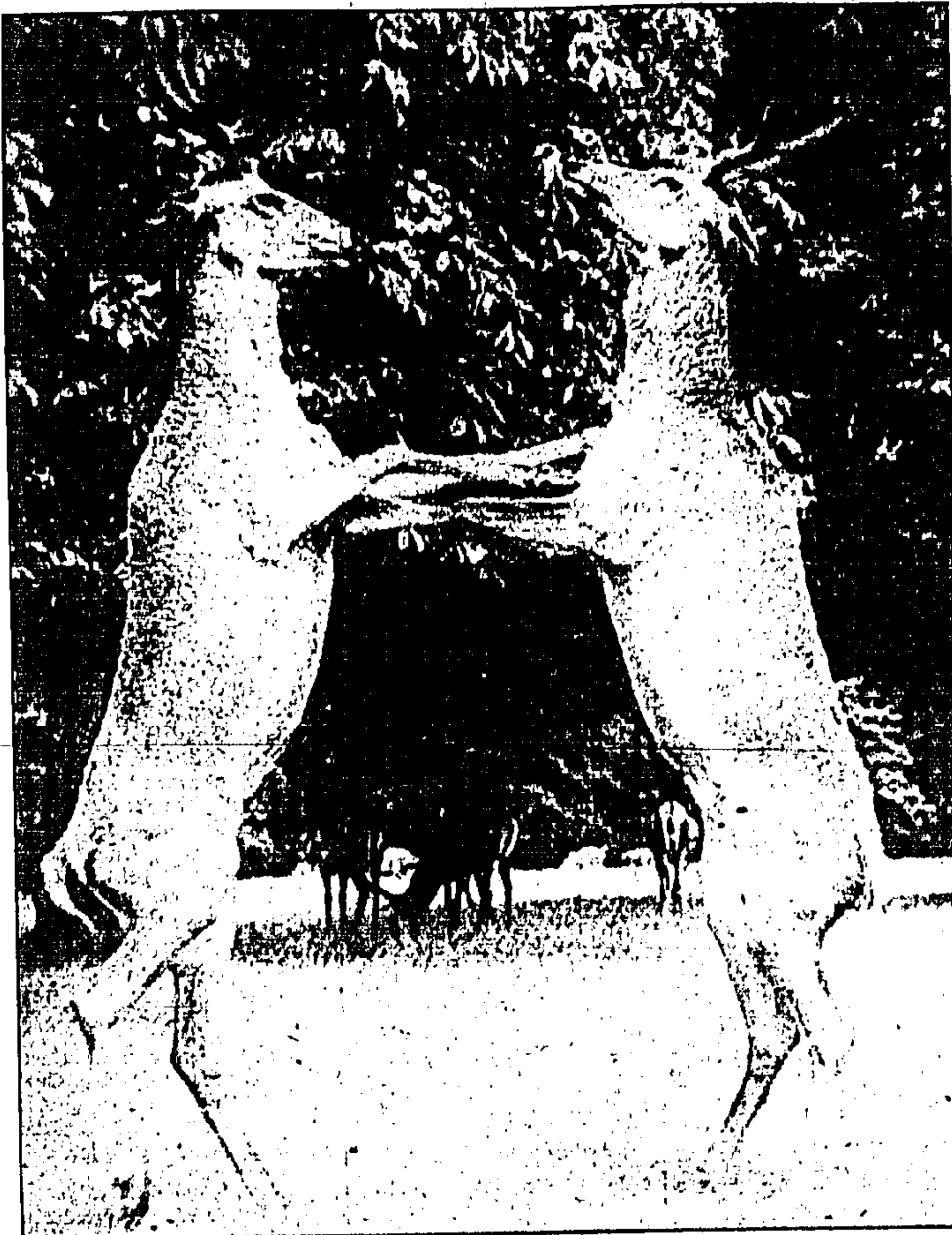
UNIFORM MYSTERY IS SOLVED

London.
SMART detective work by naval historians at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, has solved the case of the Admiral's Uniform. The museum was presented with a full dress uniform bearing the insignia of an admiral which had been found by a person searching through an old chest. But nobody knew to whom the uniform had belonged.

First clue which set the "detectives" on the way to finding the solution were some alterations to the coat. This indicated that the owner had been an admiral in 1888 when the uniform design was changed.

Then they found a label bearing the word "Earl." A check with the Admiralty records showed that there was only one admiral who was an earl in 1888—the Earl of Dundonald. The present Dundonald family were able to show the museum a photograph of the Admiral-Earl wearing the very uniform. The case is now closed: but antique naval uniforms are still required by the National Maritime Museum.

DEAR DEER... SHALL WE DANCE?



LOOKING very much as though they are enjoying a Waltz—or it could be a Tango—a couple of deer caught by the camera in Richmond Park, Surrey.—Keystone.

THE DAY THE MOUSE INVADIED POST OFFICE PROPERTY

Bromley.
THREE policemen here hurried to investigate when told that a mouse had invaded post office property.

BATTLE OF THE TOILET ROLLS

Exmouth.
MR Gomaz da Costa is fighting a paper war from his grocer's shop here.

ROUND ONE in the battle was his selling of toilet rolls at two pence below their retail price.

ROUND TWO was the serving of a writ on Mr da Costa by the toilet roll makers, the large Bowater Corporation.

STAGGERED

This writ informs Mr da Costa that Bowaters have applied to the high court for an injunction to restrain him from selling proprietary brands of medicinal goods at less than their normal retail price.

ROUND THREE was Mr da Costa's order from wholesalers of as many toilet rolls of another make as they can supply.

He expects a quarter of a million.

"The wholesalers thought I was mad, and I must confess I staggered myself," said Mr da Costa.

"Now I can think of nothing else but toilet rolls. I shall have enough to supply every household in Devon."

"I shall sell them at seven pence each, half the normal price."

I believe the public will support me in my fight to reduce the cost of living."

Mr da Costa, who also owns coffee lounges at Exmouth and Eastbourne, has had verbal warnings about his cut-price trading, but this is the first time any legal action has been taken against him.—Reuters.

The alarm was given by nine-year-old Terry Payne, who told the police: "My white mouse is in a stamp machine. Can you please get him out?"

Terry took the baby mouse—less than one inch in length—with him when he went to buy stamps during the weekend.

Squealed

While using the machine, he placed the little mouse in a cup where bad coins are rejected.

Suddenly, however, the mouse vanished inside the machine and squealed for help.

The policemen, summoned to the scene could do nothing and telephoned to the post office.

Unfortunately, no one could come to the machine until after the weekend.

So the Bromley police noted in their report: "Mouse reported in stamp machine. No action by police. Post Office alerted."

After the weekend, post office men opened the machine with an anxious Terry standing by—but no mouse appeared.

Obviously

A post office spokesman said: "The mouse obviously got out the way he got in."

And the post office men noted in their report: "Special opening of machine number seven. Mouse reported inside but no sign of mouse."—China Mail Special.

Southsea.

Mrs Margaret Emridge, 36, who had never visited the Isle of Wight, decided to make the trip. She swam over.

The five-mile swim has defeated many experienced swimmers.—U.P.I.

This Odd World THEIR POINT OF VIEW!

London.
A NEATLY-WRITTEN petition signed by 57 school-children was delivered to the Mayor of Halesowen, Wores., Mr Norman Garner.

It said: "We are worried at reports that we are hooligans and that we do a lot of damage." The mayor, who has had complaints about window-smashing by catapaults, said he would reply to the children at once.

Hungry Traveller

London.

HE was slightly built, bearded, and he ate through the whole menu at the Central Terminal restaurant at London Airport:

grapefruit, fruit juices; porridge, cereals, bacon and eggs, kidney on toast, kippers, toast rolls and butter, marmalade and jam, and ten and coffee. And finally—a "Continental breakfast."

The bill: 27s. 6d. Why did he do it? His companion, poor man, bet him £5 he couldn't.

All Curves

London.

BLONDE BARBARA HAYWARD, aged 22, has been chosen beauty queen of a Burwell Suffolk cardboardbox factory.

But Barbara (37-25-37) said: "I didn't know when I entered that I would be given the title Miss Corrugated 'Fittings' of 1958."

From 'L' To 'P'

London.

MOTORISTS should drive with "P" — for "Provisional" — plates for a year after passing the driving test, until they become more experienced, suggests the East Midlands-Institute of Road Transport Engineers.

NINE VIRUSES

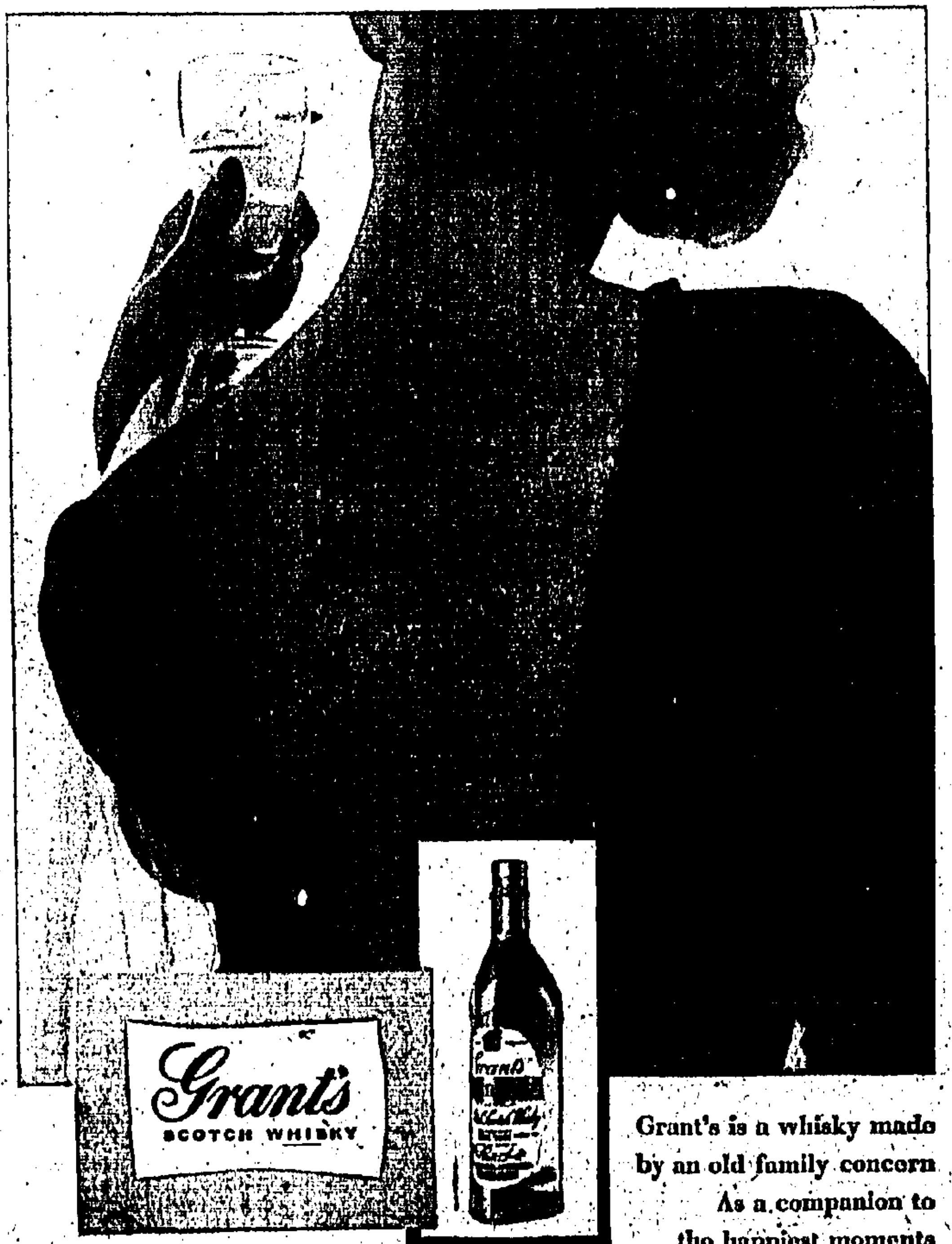
Dr Christopher Andrews, chief of the Common Cold Research Unit near Salisbury, has told the Royal Society of Medicine there are at least nine known viruses capable of causing cold symptoms.

Even these are probably responsible for only a small proportion of the millions of colds which are the main cause of absenteeism from work and school. Most colds are caused by agents which have not yet been discovered, Dr Andrews believes.

The Medical Research Council has spent about £400,000 on common cold research so far.

A back across a room

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An occasion that deserves the
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE RIGHT: Dr Kwame Nkrumah, Premier of Ghana, who is paying a private visit to Britain, was recently guest of Premier Harold Macmillan in Mr Macmillan's Sussex home, Birch Grove. Here are Dr Nkrumah and Mr Macmillan together in the grounds of Birch Grove.



ABOVE: Mr Abe Moffat, leader of the Scottish miner's union, leaving Prestwick Airport recently with his wife (wearing busby)—and the 21 pipers and drummers of Shotts and Dykehead and Calton Pipe Band, the world champions, who are to tour Russia.



LEFT: Wearing a gaily-patterned robe, Dr Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, leaves Grosvenor House, for Buckingham Palace, where he was received by the Queen.

Express
Photographs



ABOVE: At the end of a recent polo match in Windsor Park, Prince Philip looks round in surprise as children and parents rush towards him. A record 8,000 crowd turned up in the sunshine to watch Prince Philip captain the Windsor Park team against the visiting Silver Leys team for a silver cup.

RIGHT: Mrs Louise Collins, widow of crack British race driver Peter Collins—killed recently on the Nurburgring while driving in the German Grand Prix—arrives at London Airport. With her is race driver Mike Hawthorn, 27-year-old Collins' best friend. He was driving in the same race, and witnessed the accident.

LEFT: Surprise guests at the recent Monte Carlo Sporting Club charity ball were Princess Grace and Prince Rainier.

BELOW: Wondering about the effect of the Baghdad revolution on their future are these three Iraqi officers at Sandhurst, the British military college. They are, from left, Cadet Officer K. M. Salhi, 22; Cadet Officer Subhi Abdulla, 21; and 21-year-old Cadet Officer Z. T. Majeed.



ABOVE: Crack British horsewoman Pat Smyth, wore these dark glasses to hide her black eye when she arrived to jump at a show near Swansea, Wales, recently. (On Monday she had fallen heavily while jumping).



ABOVE: The mother of Stevie Hammond, 18-month-old son of British Army Sergeant Reginald Hammond, who was shot and killed at his side by Cyprus terrorists, flew into London Airport recently with his mother. An ambulance was waiting to take 20-year-old Mrs Jean Hammond to hospital. She is expecting a second baby any time. Picture shows Mrs Hammond, centre, is comforted by her mother-in-law, right, and her mother.



ABOVE: Billy Wright, 34-year-old captain of the England football team, is pictured recently at Poole with his 34-year-old bride, singer Joy Dwyer.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



CAMPO: This is the Portuguese and Anglo-Indian name for a field. It was the name given formerly to the foreign settlement at Ninpo. I do not know that it has ever been much used in Hongkong.

KA LUN: Is the English name, "borrowed" by the local dialect of Cantonese. The measure is, of course, not a local Chinese one.

KAPOCK: Also spelled kapok. The Oxford Dictionary defines it as "a fine, short-stapled cotton wool known as silk cotton, surrounding the seeds of the tree *Eriodendron anfractuosum*, used for stuffing cushions etc." It is said to be the Malay kapok. The name has been used in English since 1750 and the commodity has been known in Europe only since 1850. Your amah's winter bed-spread is probably stuffed with kapok.

KA PO LIK KAN: Another loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese. It is the English carbolic soap.

KEUNG PE: Another loan-word. This one is 'ginger beer.'

KIP CHAP: This loan-word is the English 'ketchup.'

KITTYSOL: This is an old Anglo-Indian name for parrot. It may be obsolete now in India. It was formerly used in the China Coast States may be seen in the following item from a table of exports from Macao, dated 1813: "Kittisols, large 2,000 to 3,000, ditto, small, 8,000 to 10,000."

KONG: An old Pidgin word for water-vat: "He fell into a huge water-kong." (Celestial Empire, Oct. 2, 1875).

KOO LEE: An Indian loan in Cantonese, borrowed through English coolie which we have already discussed.

KUK KOO: Another English loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese. The English "borrowed" it incorrectly from Spanish *cacao*. The Spaniards had it originally from an American language.

YAT KO KWAT: Quarter of an hour. This unusual division of time was borrowed, with its name *kwat* from the English.

KYFONG: Or *kai fan*. Neighbourhood, association or council of elders. It is well known as the name of the member groups of a co-operative group in Hongkong.

LAAI SHAN: Hongkong Cantonese for licence. The *LAH*: Also *lae*. Oddly, it is not listed in *Hobson Johnson*. The Oxford Dictionary says it is Hindi *lakh*, Sanskrit *laksha*. In *Purchas Pilgrims*, 1614, we read that "every Laches containeth an hundred thousand years."

LADRONES: These islands are given a Spanish name by English-speakers. The name means "thieves."

LAT TK FOO SHING: Our old friend Rediffusion in Cantonese. **LA-LI-LOONG:** A thief, thieve. This word is derived from the Portuguese *ladro* and is commonly used in the Heung Shaan or Macao dialect of Cantonese which also uses words such as *lu* *lu*, Portuguese *ludo*, for 'all'. Leland quotes the following sentence from the *Celestial Empire*, 1870: "The barber complained he had been called a *la-li-loong*, the *Pidgin*—English for thief."

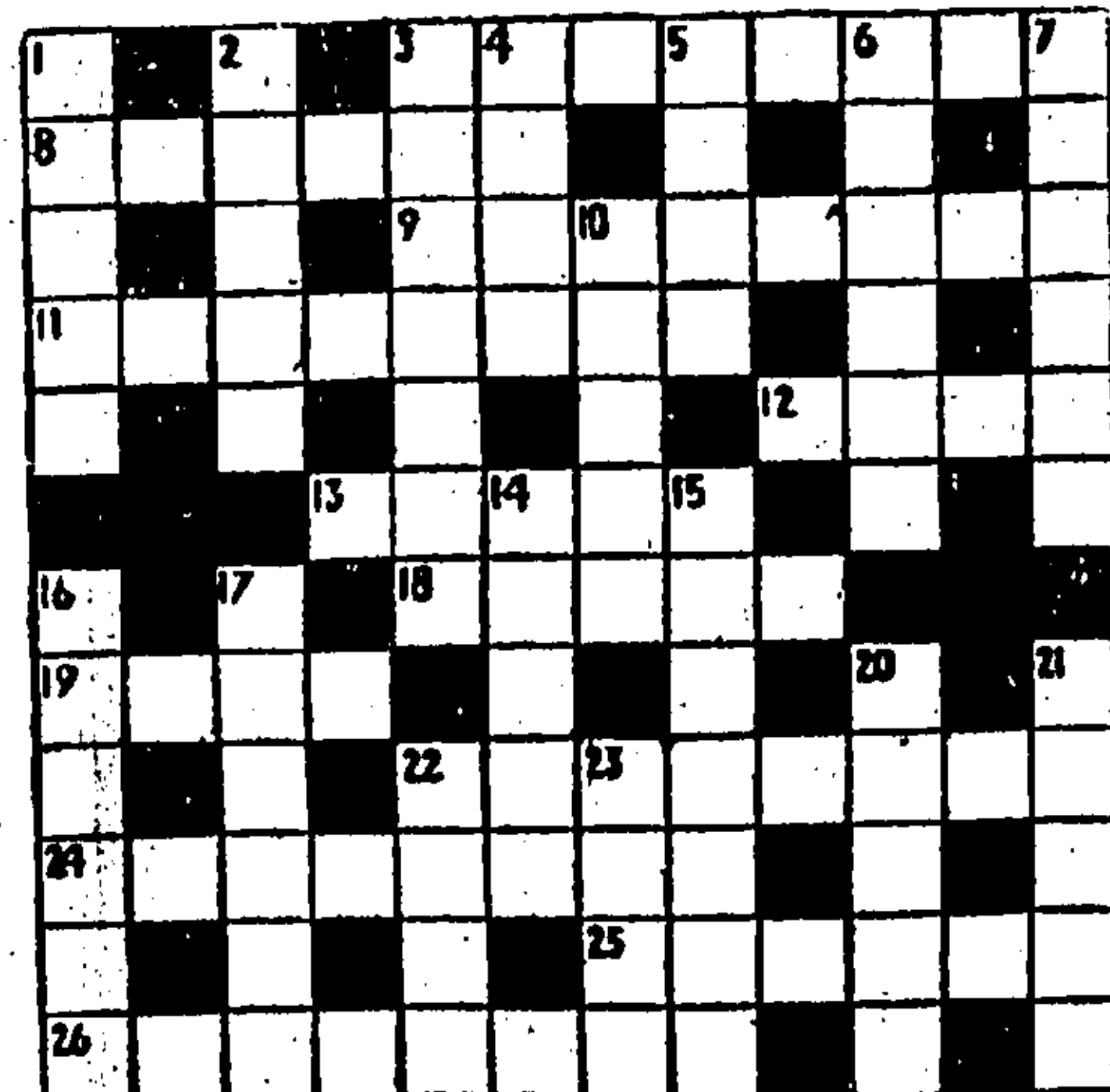
LARGEE: Also *largey*, *large* according to Leland who says it is *Pidgin* for much, great, magnificent, loud. He gives an example of its use in *Points and Pickings of Information about China* (London, 1844). My *large* man, my *large* cat, my *large* cat, my *large* cat.

LENG TAAT: Hongkong Cantonese for neck-tie. **LINGUIST:** An old China coast word for interpreter, formerly much used by English-speakers all over the East. I imagine it is obsolete now. It has been suggested that it is a poor translation of Indo-Portuguese *lingua* with the same sense. *Hobson Johnson* quotes a Portuguese item for 1554 in which *lingua* is used in this sense and an English reference of 1612: "Did Captain Sable's *Lingui* attend?" Another reference in *The Fanciful at Canton* has it that "As up to twenty days, neither Consul nor Vice-Consul of a foreign nation was acknowledged whenever either of these officers made a communication to the Hoppe, it had to be done through the Hong merchants, to whom the dispatch was taken by a *Lingui*." The An extract from the *Regulation at Canton* included in the same work: "If the ten should presume to enter villages, public places or bazaars punishment will be inflicted on the *lingui* who accompanies them."

LIP: Anglo-Cantonese for 'lip'.

LOOK-SEE: This expression is colloquial wherever there are English speakers. It appears to be a straight translation from the Cantonese *lai kin*. Leland glosses it as look, behold, appear like, see, appreciate, understand. He gives the example *look-see* *pidgin*, ostentation, hypocrisy, sham.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Easy victory for a pedestrian? (8)
- 8 Hurried to the police! That's bad! (8)
- 9 Game (8)
- 11 In the doldrums? (8)
- 12 Stretch of water (4)
- 13 From honest toil? (8)
- 14 Jack's the boy for Nan (5)
- 15 Island belongs to me (4)
- 22 Naucous bird? (8)
- 24 Throw overboard (8)
- 25 They raise one's standing (8)
- 26 White wines (8)

DOWN

- 1 Diving bird (5)
- 2 Nicks one through the slips, maybe (5)
- 3 Bats come from them (7)
- 4 Progenitor of a mare (4)
- 5 Edible-sounding native (4)
- 6 Container aircraft? (8)
- 7 Smoking jacket? (8)
- 10 Lebanese tree, perhaps (5)
- 14 They're just great! (5)
- 15 Special gifts of parable fame (7)
- 16 Give little James jam? (8)
- 17 That'll be an oddity! (8)
- 18 Makes one (8)
- 20 Will do nicely (8)
- 21 Out of temper (8)
- 22 Ledge (4)
- 23 Flower girl (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3 Henhouse, 7 Undue, 8 Espalier, 10 Toppie, 13 Artisan, 15 Fuz, 17 Gobbler, 18 Haricot, 20 Unit, 21 Diamond, 23 Odessa, 27 Pro-found, 28 Leave, 29 Derivative. Down: 1 Quota, 2 Adept, 3 Heels, 4 Hoax, 5 Unique, 6 Egress, 9 Seagull, 11 Organ, 12 Pipit, 14 Noddy, 15 Flame, 16 Stunt, 18 Humped, 19 Rigour, 22 Addie, 23 O.S.-car, 24 Dated, 25 Bows.

Trouble For Your House

By Gweneth Lloyd

TAKING the old and dirty pack of cards from the carved box in which they were always kept, Dillys Gray slowly shuffled them; not with the mechanical flip of the card-player, for that would "spoil the luck", but slowly from hand to hand. To "read the cards", you must treat them with respect. The fortune-telling pack must never be used for any other purpose. If you drop one in shuffling, put them away for that day—the spell is broken. So had her mother taught her, her mother with the dark and mystic Celtic strain which had shown itself in odd little premonitions, and her swift summing-up of new acquaintances almost psychic in its accuracy.

"Only set out the cards when you have something to ask them," was another of her teachings, and one which Dillys had always followed faithfully.

But tonight she was going to lay out the cards with no clear-cut question or wish in mind. All day a sense of foreboding, intangible as a shadow, yet as insidious as river fog, had been clouding her mind, seeping into all the dull routine of office work and leaving that aftermath of depression so familiar to the over-sensitive. It was not the first time she had suffered this strange foreboding, and experience had taught her that such foreboding was not lightly to be ignored. Always swift upon its heels came some happening to cause her worry and distress, so tonight she would read the cards and see what they would tell her.

She dealt out the unwanted small cards from the full pack. The method to be used, and the meanings of the cards, had been evolved over years of practice by her mother. Not always did they agree with the readings adopted by professional fortune-tellers, but this was the method her mother had used, and she followed it always.

She shuffled the twenty-nine cards slowly, cut into three packs with the left hand, and turned them face upwards. Ace of Hearts in the centre; eight of Spades on one side; "That Spades on the other." "That Spades on the other," she thought, while the baleful crows of the Spades still persisted in the "House" pack. The rest of the omens were confused and meaningless: All emphasis of the portents was on her "house" and all the signs pointed to dire trouble.

Taking up the full pack, she shuffled them again, slowly and thoroughly, and flung them in a fan across the table, face down. With her left hand she picked up seven cards and turned them face upwards.

Again that King of Spades, again her house and the ominous nine of Spades and, this time, the ten of Spades meaning usually a journey.

There was her "house" again—actually a small flat in a large building, but a "house" in fortune-telling language. On one side of it the Ace of Spades upside down (worst of all omens); on the other side the nine of Spades. At its foot the King of Spades and above it the eight of Clubs. All the ominous omens clustered round her "house", yet what could

threaten her in her snug little home?

Curled in a big armchair, her dark eyes clouded with perplexity, Dillys looked round at her prized possessions. One or two treasured pieces from the old home, but most of her furniture bought second-hand at bargain prices.

The rosy light of a standard lamp picked out the dull gilt heads on an inlaid cabinet, while near the smaller window her divan piled high with jade green cushions looked invitingly restful. A beaten copper bowl filled with tawny crysanthemums glinted from the tallboy in the corner, and her collection of green rabbits, little black elephants, one white china dove and sundry small dogs marched solemnly along the top shelf of an open bookcase. High-lit too, by the mellow light was the exquisite carving of an old Italian settee, on the flat arm-rests of which two plump cherub heads gazed

upwards with eternally purred lips.

She looked at the tall French windows, leading on to a diminutive balcony. A nearby neon sign cast an intermittent ghostly flicker of light on the unshaded windows, and far down the river a boat was hooting mournfully.

Turning with an involuntary shiver back to the cards, she gathered them up and reshuffled them.

Three packs again, and still the black cards showed themselves; eight of Clubs meaning confusion and worry, and this time the Jack of Spades—a dark man's thoughts. Picking up the cards as before, Dillys set them out in the five packs—Yourself, Your House, What is Expected, the Surprise, the Wish. In the first pack was the King of Spades and again his thoughts, while the baleful crows of the Spades still persisted in the "House" pack. The rest of the omens were confused and meaningless: All emphasis of the portents was on her "house" and all the signs pointed to dire trouble.

Luckily the blunderer had come to an untimely end in a car crash, following a chase by a police car, and there was no fear that Fritz would be suspected of any connection with that little job, but the crowning blow had come when he had returned to his rooms some months later, after a careful interval, to find his old landlady dead and the house and effects sold up, including one or two oddments of his own to which he was particularly attached. All he could learn from the neighbours was that a brother of the old lady had come down from Scotland and cleared the house

as quickly as possible and then gone back.

"Most of the stuff was sold by auction," he was told, "but some of it went to dealers around here."

Then had followed weeks of search. In all the second-hand shops in the area he had made discreet enquiries, and at last had picked up the secret.

"Yes, I remember it quite well, because the young lady hadn't enough money with her, and had to go to the Bank for the rest. It went to . . . here the man broke off, and, diving under the counter, produced a tattered notebook.

"It went to Miss Dillys Gray of 5 Calthorpe Mansions."

And now he was putting the final touches to his plan of campaign. He had studied Calthorpe Mansions from every angle. He had made more discreet enquiries until he had identified the purchaser of his lost treasure, and he had full details of the exact location of the rooms occupied by this young woman. All was planned down to the last detail.

"With a bit of luck I can do the whole job without her knowing a thing about it. She sleeps in the little room, and I shall certainly not make much noise. But if she should be troublesome . . . well, that would be just too bad for her," he added grimly to himself.

At 11.30 that night Dillys was asleep. The cards and their warning had been forgotten in the deep slumber born of fatigue, and she lay, a moonbeam slanting on her dark hair, beneath the window of the little room.

At 12 o'clock, soundless as a shadow, Fritz Martineau dropped through the window of the sitting room. Shining his torch low on the ground, and making no more noise than a cat, he crossed to the settee, the carved settee that was such a source of pride to its present owner.

In the next room the sleeping girl stirred uneasily. Through her dreams now ran the dark thread of the warning cards, and as she turned in her sleep her deep sigh could be heard through the half-open door.

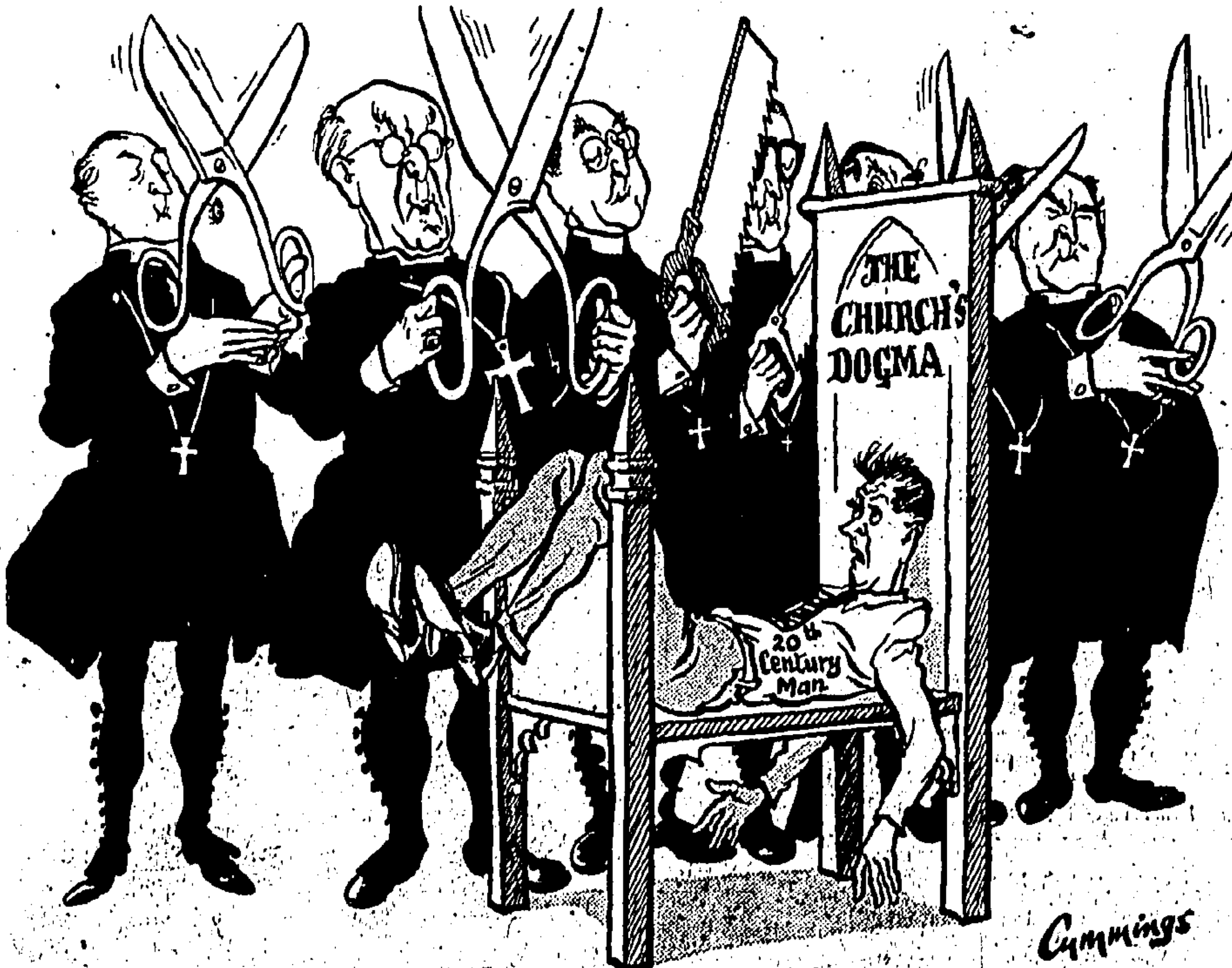
The man stiffened, watching the moonlit strip of the opened door, his hand on a certain little "silencer" he had found useful on several occasions. But there was no further sound.

Turning again to the settee, he gripped the cherub head, the one on the right wing, and turned it sharply. From the cavity beneath he extricated something, something which winked and glittered in the torch light with a thousand scintillating flashes, and coiled round his fingers like a white flame. He replaced the little pointing head, then, like a shadow, he was gone.

And in the little room the girl turned in her sleep again, but this time she smiled as she turned, as though she knew that all danger was past, and the warning of the cards need trouble her no more.

THE END

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"Well, my dear sir, we've made you an admirable bed—now we'll adjust you to fit in it."

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Her dress and jewelry by Lanvin-Castille; Paris; photographed at the Marigny Theatre for watch by Rolex.

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. . . not for their beauty, though they may be beautiful; not for their clothes, though these are perfection; but for a certain indefinable air, their natural in-born elegance. When next you try to analyse that quiet distinction beyond price, study its elements one by one. Look, for instance, at the watch. You'll find a Rolex watch is the instinctive choice of the world's most elegant women.

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ROLEX

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Men of speed

THE LE MANS CRASH THAT STUNNED ALL EUROPE...

...AND MADE HAWTHORN SAY: 'I'LL NEVER DRIVE AGAIN'

The secret battle of Disaster Day

While the news of the Le Mans race disaster spread across Europe one lonely, shaken man sat behind a locked door and fought a battle which none could share with him. Then they came to him and said: "It's your turn to drive again..."

IT was the week-end of Pentecost. Throughout all France that Saturday morning in June 1955 the shutters on the bedroom windows swung back to frame a sky as blue as the sun was hot. And over breakfast each family made its plans to grasp this golden holiday. Happily they argued whether it should be the sea, the mountains, the river or a picnic among the vineyards. All except a quarter of a million of them.

They had already made up their minds. They were going to Le Mans to see the most tremendous battle ever staged on the eight-mile car race circuit there.

Not for them the tranquillity of an idle week-end. At Le Mans for all 24 hours of the race peace would not even find standing room. It would be rushed and whipped and battered by the brutality of the fastest sports cars in the world.

There would be the British Jaguars, those olive green cars that in the last few years had almost made Le Mans their own.

Then there were the brooding silver Mercedes, as arrogant as a string of Pacific victories could make them.

And the Italian Ferraris, scarlet and snarling.

FOR PRESTIGE

It was going to be a battle for national prestige, far more so than a grand prix, for the cars that race at Le Mans are regarded as production models, the kind you can buy in a showroom.

For the car that won, an awesome mountain of dollars, francs, pounds, lire, escudos, and piastres was waiting.

No wonder the makers had signed up the fastest drivers in the world to aid them.

Hawthorn, who had already won the race once, Fangio, Moss, Maglioli, Castelletti, Trintignant, Collins and Kling, they were all there.

For the 250,000 Frenchmen the hero was graying Pierre Levegh. Only a couple of years before, he had led at Le Mans in a Tuluat. He had raced for over 23 of the 24 hours without rest.

And he had had an unbeatable lead when in the last moments, stunned by exhaustion, he had wrecked his engine. But now Levegh was to race again. Ironically, the French would have to cheer a German Mercedes, for that was what their idol was driving.

The drivers gathered at the pits. They were not happy, perhaps a little gloomy. Le Mans is an awkward, wearying circuit. It has its own individual dangers, but the one that each driver secretly feared the most was the long straight past the pits.

It was so narrow, as narrow as a main road. Here there would always be a confusion of cars pulling in for attention, and there would be the slower, smaller cars to overtake.

THE START

It was a place to drive through with the utmost care and caution. But still it was long, straight, and every man knew that here he must grasp the opportunity for speed.

Across the track, on the far-ground the brass music blared, the side-show barkers bellowed, and the swelling crowds added a background drone.

The drivers were glad when four o'clock was only minutes away. They wandered out from the pits, looked at the millions of fairy lights, insipid against the sun-down and the long empty track and at the cars in their silent row.

The start to the Le Mans race is unique. The vehicles are lined up diagonally on the right hand side of the track. Opposite them and the width of the road away are white pointed circles in which the drivers stand.

When the flag drops the drivers have to scamper across, leap into their cars, press the starter and race away.

Stirling Moss prides himself on his ability to emulate an Olympic gold medalist in this sport.

But today, he was sitting on the pit counter with his eyes on Fangio, for he was co-driver with the South American in their Mercedes. Moss would not be driving until later. Every car at Le Mans now had to have two drivers. The authorities, alarmed by the growing speeds, felt that no man could resist the fearful fatigue of 24 hours driving by himself.

SILENCE....

Suddenly there was silence. The loud-speakers were dead, the spectators stood on hushed tiptoes. The drivers crouched in their circles, hypnotised by the poised starting flag.

It dropped!

First the soft, urgent patter of the drivers' feet.

Then one engine blasted the sky, another, a third.

Tyres shrieked as wheels spun. Through the haze of rubber, of exhaust, the cars were indescribably mixed. They weaved, swerved, came within wild inches of collision. And then they were gone.

As the cars swept out of sight, Castelletti in his Ferrari was leading, then came another Ferrari and then Hawthorn in his Jaguar.

Fangio had made a bad start. Before the lap was half over, Hawthorn was in second place. Fangio driving furiously was still not in the first ten. The crowds were delirious. Levegh was already seventh, leading the Mercedes team. Minutes later, Castelletti had broken the lap record.

DESPERATE

He was travelling round at more than 117 miles an hour. Hawthorn, mouth half open, elbows jutting, was hard behind him.

And Fangio? Racing harder than anyone could remember he had pulled up to sixth place and passed Levegh. Soon Fangio was seconds behind the two leaders. He had also put the lap record up, to 119 miles an hour.

And the peril of Le Mans had grown. Already the little slow cars were being lapped. No matter how much their drivers watched the mirrors and pulled over to the right to let the howling leaders through, on the corners there was baulking and the slides grew wilder as the Ferraris, Jaguars, and Mercedes fought their bitter fight.

Fangio, Hawthorn, and Castelletti did not flinch. The Briton was only 2sec. behind the Italian now and Fangio had broken the record again.

At 100...120...180 miles an hour down the straight they raced. It was like a lunatic dash along a Bank Holiday by-pass. They were shunting the track with over 50 other cars.

Over in the fairground the roundabouts gyrated furiously, the side-show men grew hoarse and mounded their ruined harvest.

No one was going to leave the circuit while the most desperate race that Le Mans had ever seen was still on.

Then right before the thickest crowds Fangio passed Hawthorn...and broke the lap record again. Hawthorn passed Fangio...no other car now mattered. Sometimes the Jaguar and sometimes the Mercedes led. Occasionally they cornered side by side.

They swept by Castelletti. His light was over, his Ferrari exhausted. Time and time again the lap record was broken.

The timekeepers were dazed men.

Fangio took the record again...and again...then at over 122 miles an hour Hawthorn smashed it. Those thousands of people on the outside of the circuit were excited, dizzy with speed. But on the inside, the men in the pits were apprehensive.

Soon the leading drivers would be overtaking the cars in

bundle of white rugs on the road.

Almost deliberately, the car pointed its snout nose at three grey-faced men who stood on the verge. They were a photographer, a gendarme, and a man with an armlet.

They didn't move as, with tyres yelping, the Healey crashed into them, over them, and stopped as mute and as still as if the wind-stream while that had enveloped it a moment before had never been.

It was a second as frozen in time as a fly in amber. And

Through the flames drove Fangio

for 82 people, standing under the blue sky with all the promise of summer days, the last thing they would ever see.

For the silver Mercedes, with no hesitation in its speed, crashed into the earth safely bank.

One moment its driver's head, flopped forward and then there was a sheet of flame.

It was as though a napalm bomb had burst.

A sheet of fire, pure and cruel, cast sudden shadows sharper, darker than ever thrown by that day's sun. And the treacly, oily black smoke, curled and mounded.

Through it, over it, over the barrier and over the upturned faces of the crowd the ruin of the car catapulted.

Ahead went the engine, to one side went the back axle. Through the air they waited.

And a scream went up from the crowd that everyone who

pit. When he stopped he ran back, for it is illegal at Le Mans to reverse the car.

'KEEP ON...'

"Get going," yelled his pit manager. "Keep on, come in next time." Hawthorn drove round those eight miles of road in a 120-mile-an-hour dash.

It took just over four minutes, four minutes for his face to whiten and his lips to tremble.

Preparately, skillfully he drove into the pit. The mechanics started to refuel and Hawthorn scrambled out.

The Jaguar pit was stunned. So near had it been to the crash that its occupants were dazed and concussed with shock.

There was a small broken huddle of women, wives, girl friends, helpers of the drivers. Hawthorn pushed blindly through them.

The men clung to him and asked carefully, "Mike, what

happened?" but he brutally barred them away.

He was near to tears. All he could say was, "Oh, God! I'll never drive again!"

There was one silent man Hawthorn never even noticed. He was Ivor Bueb, his co-driver. He was new to this sort of Le Mans racing. He could still find tension in the way life can lose its reality at 170 miles an hour.

This was the moment when Hawthorn should have hastily passed on advice and information in the way that ships' officers do as they change watch.

But for Bueb there was no word, just a slap on the shoulder from the team manager, and he bundled into the cockpit.

Bueb is a short, stocky Cornishman, seemingly as curly as his native county, but I have been his co-driver too, and I know the sensitivity underneath.

STRUNG UP

He was strung up before the race had started. Now he couldn't even pretend to be impassive. Never has a man had a worse introduction to Le Mans. Nor a greater responsibility.

From being co-driver, his anxious look at Hawthorn's face told him that from now on he might carry Jaguar's urgent fortunes on his own shoulders. Grimly he let in the clutch and rocketed away from the horror around him.

Hawthorn gave no thought to Bueb and his fortunes. He never even heard the car roar away.

And all he could hear was the voice from the Mercedes pit crying out to all who would listen that the Englishman Hawthorn had caused the crash.

And above it all the raucous loudspeakers drowning the

agony across the track with a gramophone record.

It was "La Mer."

DEMENTED

They led Hawthorn to a green caravan and the door shut.

The race went on, although only yards away the bodies were being placed in lines, priests were giving a hasty Absolution, and the police were fighting with their fists to keep back the demented relatives.

As order returned hurriedly to the Jaguar pit, one thought was in everyone's mind... it was their first duty to console and reassure Hawthorn.

And one man from the Mercedes pit too. He was Stirling Moss. Moved by Hawthorn's distress he softly comforted him. But all his rival could repeat was "Why, oh why, don't they stop this damn race?"

That is what thousands were asking.

Even the French Prime Minister had telephoned to ask. But the organizers knew better. Every road was wanted for ambulances.

With 82 dead and over 100 injured the thought of those quarter of a million French holiday-makers teeming out of the circuit was impossible.

So the cars went on. And eventually the spectators shut their eyes to the ruin around them and looked at the race again.

TAILING

Now the Mercedes was leading with Jaguar tailing close.

In the British pit the eyes were still fixed on the closed door of that caravan. Would Hawthorn take his turn when the car came in to refuel? Had he been broken for ever?

In the caravan gentle words and reasoning were having no effect on him.

Everyone reiterated that the accident was no fault of his, but Hawthorn was inconsolable. He could not be calmed.

All the old familiar remedies...the brandy...the nice hot cup of tea...they were wasted.

The thought of a victory for Jaguar had now taken second place bravely and well as Bueb was driving.

The feverish desire of those around him was to bring some sort of spark back to Hawthorn.

They felt that it was vital, if he was ever to drive again, that he should get back into his car. But they had less than two hours to convert a heart-broken man into the buoyant, resilient figure he had been such a short while before.

With the minutes racing by and that whole little world shrieking of speed, they spoke carefully and quietly.

"Mike, you can drive, you know," they reasoned. "You ought to. You must. It wasn't your fault, you know, it wasn't."

Hawthorn, hands between his knees, and dead eyes staring at the caravan floor, paid no attention.

"They must stop the race," he muttered.

His friends, men who were driving too, as soon as their cars had come in, patted him on the shoulder, repeated the arguments. Someone noticed that it was quite a few minutes since Hawthorn had begged for the race to be stopped.

They secretly yearned that his distress was burning out. Outside, lap by lap, Bueb was fighting hard, but soon the pit signal would be waved and he would be flagged in. Was Hawthorn going to drive?

No one could tell.

A mechanic held out the signal. Bueb waved a blurred acknowledgment. In minutes the Jaguar would be back in the pits.

"Loffy" England suddenly walked across. He looked at the crouched Hawthorn, touched him on the shoulder, and murmured: "Come on, Mike, it's your turn."

Everyone paused and started. Hawthorn slowly turned his head and got to his feet.

With quick determination, he put on his helmet, tucked at his gloves. As the weary Bueb leaped from the Jaguar, Hawthorn slid into his place, a brief salute with his hand, he was off.

The biggest victory at Le Mans that day had been won.

But there was still the battle with the Mercedes. Once Hawthorn was in the car he drove through a nightmare lap after lap, but the Germans looking in their mirror could always see his menace.

And everyone shut their ears to the dolorous voice of the commentator calling endlessly the names of relatives who were wanted at the bedside of the dying and the injured.

It was a long time before any one noticed that the glorious glittering day had gone, that low cloud had covered the stars.

In harmony with the day that started so well ended so tragically it started to rain... a steady seeping, sorrowing drizzle.

A GLOW

Through the night roared the cars, the headlights a pin point, a blinding dazzle, and just as rapidly, a glow on the horizon.

After hours of racing one didn't have to look. One could tell the different cars by their engine notes, the rasp of the Ferrari, the bellows of the Mercedes, the high-pitched grumble of the Jaguar.

It was just after midnight when weary ears strained hard and there was sudden silence behind the pits. One sound in this Le Mans orchestra was missing. It was the Mercedes. Everyone crowded to look at the German pit. It was deserted.

At midnight, just six hours after the crash, Mercedes had decided to withdraw their cars in acknowledgment of the disaster.

ASLEEP....

It was daylight before many of the spectators knew. Exhausted by the din of the brawl between the British and the German cars and wearied by the horrors they had seen, thousands fell asleep in the drizzle that night. In cars, on little tents, huddled under raincoats on the grass they drowned.

And only a lonely Jaguar, driven by a man who had seen sorrow swept round endlessly. Without mechanical trouble it could not fail to win. It had no trouble. When the official clock dragged its hands round to four o'clock on Sunday, Jaguars were the victors.

ARTIFICIAL

Hawthorn, his eyes red, his wrists aching, bowed to allow an official to put a laurel wreath round his neck. He kissed a pretty girl who waited near by, gave a showman's grin as brief as it was artificial, climbed into a saloon car, and was gone.

By Monday morning the disaster that had shaken Europe had become a matter for angry dispute.

Who caused it? Will someone be tried for manslaughter? Who is the criminal? They were the questions to which the French people insisted on an answer.

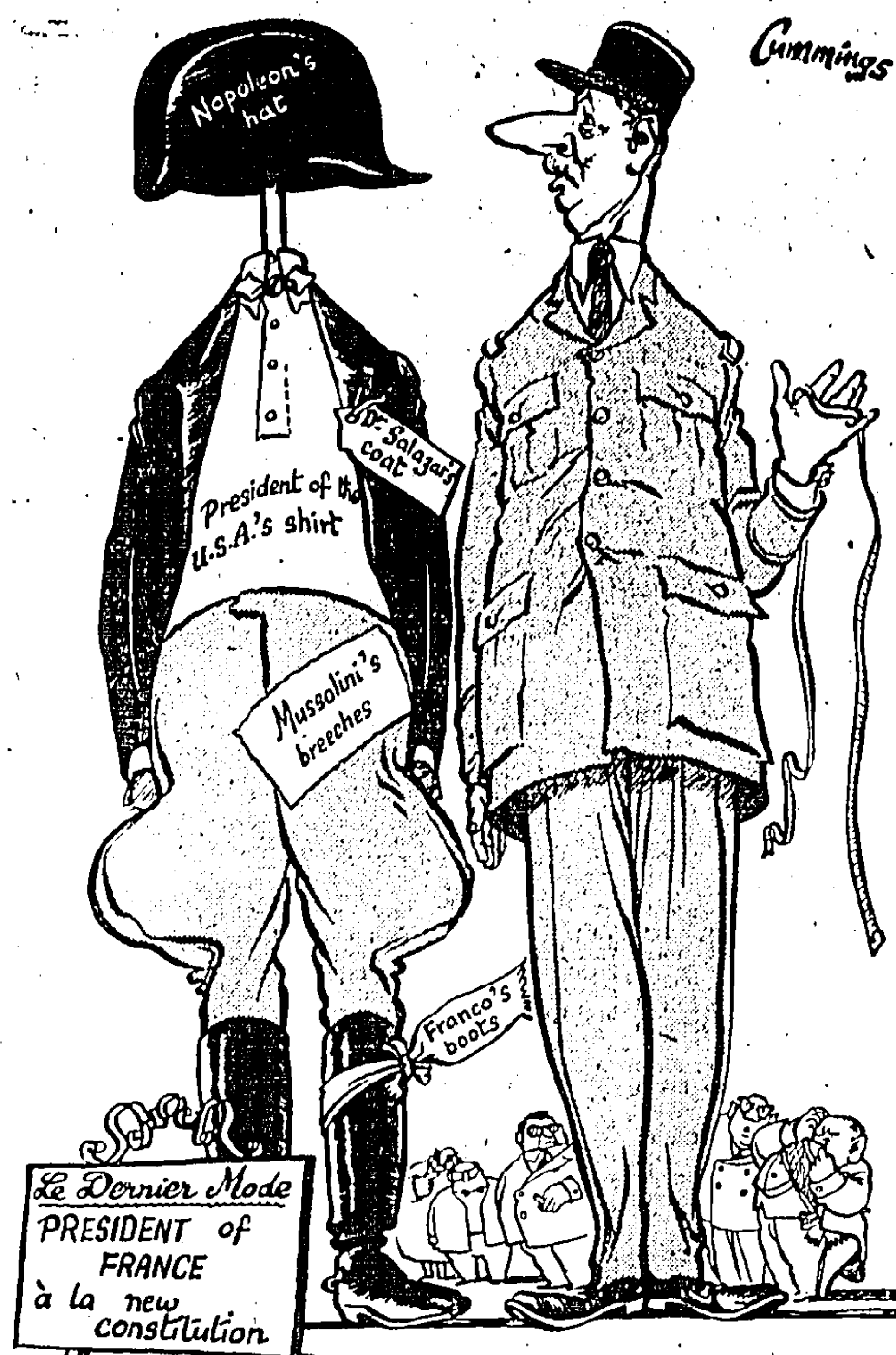
The didn't get one. Eventually an inquiry was set up. It exonerated everyone.

NEXT WEEK:

The Unknown Who Won Glory



"Remember—we aren't playing polo, we aren't at the White City, we aren't Wells Fargo. Just once to the pit and back nice and slow."



"What a coincidence! Exactly my size!"

When You Read 'A Baby Has Been Snatched'

I WENT to a cottage of unassuming poverty not so far from Tipperary to ask a fierce yet gentle girl of 17 a question which troubles all who believe broken homes must mean broken children.

The question was this: What is the effect on a child in later life when the parents quarrel over him in public; when they snatch-and-grab him through the courts; when they both love him but behave as though they hate each other.

Painful cases, all of them. Like the latest one, reported a few days ago, when a 25-year-old mother "kidnapped" her three-year-old son and took him off to Canada.

And this was the question the fierce yet gentle girl, who scowls like a child and smiles like a woman, could answer. She is such a child. Eight years ago she was the storm-centre of one of the most famous of all these cases.

Favourite

We talked. At first she scowled more than she smiled. She asked me, or rather ordered me, not to publish her name, because her school-friends, too young to remember the case, believe her mother is "away" or dead.

I said: "Choose your favourite name and I'll use that instead." Then she smiled and said: "Doris." But I missed the significance—until later.

Instead I looked at the earnest face, burning inside, and said: "Not Doris." She said: "All right, Mary."

Now think back eight years. Mary's Irish father stayed in an English prison nearly 22 months, held for contempt of court, because he refused to produce her from Eire after his wife, granted a divorce on cruelty grounds, was given her custody.

He was released in November 1950 to go to Eire and bring Mary back. He went to Eire all right. He did not come back.

Her home

I met him, a gentle man, never fierce. He said: "Mary was so broken-hearted at the idea of leaving me that I couldn't bear to force her."

Now he would like to come to Britain again—he lived and worked here 20 years—but dare not because he could be arrested at once and jailed.

Now what of Mary? She lives with her father and uncle and aunt, all in three rooms and a kitchen, in a cottage by a country level-crossing where nothing hurries except the 24 trains (12 passenger, 12 goods; Sundays excepted) which pass each day.

The living-room has two pictures of the Virgin and a card saying simply "Jesus," and the ceiling is papered with newspapers saying many things. One headline asks, tactlessly: "Why don't married people entertain more at home?" But I don't think Mary has noticed it.

Miserable

Has the turmoil marked her? The signs I fancied I saw in her face, not yet beautiful but already haunting, may mean nothing. She told me: "I suppose it must always be bad for a child to lose its mother, but I don't feel different from other girls."

"I'm sometimes miserable but mostly happy. I don't worry much."

Then she thought a while and added: "No, I can't honestly say I have missed my mother."

There have, of course, been substitutes. Her father, Religion. And the convent boarding school to which her father sends her (though it costs him £1 of his £6 weekly earnings at the local sawmill) because he hoped she would get there the mothering she needed.

Mary has had these things. But there are, all the same, hints that the loss goes deep. She calls her mother "mummy," though she has seen her only three times since she was two and a half.

She told me about the last time, two years ago. "Mummy

came to Ireland and we walked and climbed and had a lot of fun. She makes jokes and has a wonderful laugh."

Then she said: "Mummy is very pretty."

Uncertainty

She keeps for the special occasion a pink cardigan her mother knitted her as a Christmas gift. And when she told me I must not use her real name she gave a second reason. She said: "It might hurt mummy."

Her father has told her that her mother is good, which is the truth, and that marriages may sometimes break up when no one really wants them to.

And he told me that if he had ever seen signs of Mary being seriously upset he would have given her up at once. I believe him.

But, pathetically, Mary is not even sure it she loves her mother. Perhaps it would be better if she were sure, either way; the uncertainty could be important.

She said: "I've thought about it, but I don't know. But I do know this: if we could all be together, and I'd like that best of all, I'd love her in a week."

That name

So I cannot tell you whether this intelligent girl, who is growing up splendidly and is not unhappy, has been seriously hurt by her parents' struggle. Perhaps no one can ever say.

But when I said goodbye and looking back saw Mary and her father standing arm in arm, I suddenly remembered her favourite name, Doris. And something struck me.

It is very, very like her mother's name.

WHAT PRICE PRIVACY?

LONDON LETTER

By
Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

EVERY now and then the London newspapers decide that they are not only the purveyors of news but are, themselves, news. Thus there has broken out a fierce quarrel between the lively tabloid THE DAILY MIRROR and the vigorous but respectable SUNDAY OBSERVER which is owned by the Astor family. If the row gets any worse they will be presently referring to each other in the Dickensian style of "our reptile contemporary."

The cause of the quarrel was the announcement by Lady Molly Huggins that she was about to issue a writ suing her husband, Sir John Huggins, for divorce. According to Lady Huggins her husband had not only deserted her but had gone to the Continent in the company with a woman who lived in the same side of the English countryside as the Huggins family which incidentally includes three grown up daughters.

In other words it was not exactly a case of being young blood in the noon-day sun.

It is understandable that newspapers will give more space and louder headlines to the marital infidelity of well-known people than to those who are protected by their social importance. No one is to blame for that. News is news and personalities make news.

Sir John Huggins is distinguished retired servant of the Crown who was the Governor of Jamaica not very long ago. His blonde, vibrant wife universally known as "Molly" is not only picturesque but is a Tory candidate in search of a Parliamentary seat.

Therefore it is understandable that the popular newspapers went full out on the news that Sir John and his lady friend had left for the Continent. Reporters and photographers flew across the channel in search of pictures and copy. The quiet, dignified ex-Governor had become bigger news than a film star.

Whereupon the SUNDAY OBSERVER decided that the popular press, especially the DAILY MIRROR, should be castigated for the blatant way in which the story had been presented. After an opening paragraph denouncing "Baxter's treatment of journalism which fattened upon personal scandals" it declared:

"Ordinary scandalous behaviour by ordinary people is ignored. The scandals of the powerful—those who might be able to hit back, either by appealing successfully to public sympathy or by withholding advertising or by nobbling proprietors or editors—are also best ignored."

So far the Sunday Observer had contented itself with describing those who were too important or too unimportant to be attacked by the press. But then was left to be exploited?

The Observer asked that question and then proceeded to answer it.

"This leaves—as suitable targets for scandal-mongering two categories: 'Those who look important or respectable, but are not powerful... and ordinary people whose eccentricities or bad luck get them into criminal or extraordinary situations, thus depriving them of the protection of belonging to the herd.'"

In other words, according to the family Sunday journal, the only way that a man or woman can hope to escape calumny is through their importance or their unimportance.

The retired run-away ex-Governor of Jamaica had no hope of escape. He was no longer powerful but he could never be obscure.

"Can anything be done?" asked David Astor, in his Sunday Observer. Apparently, nothing could be done because the newspapers engaged in this valuable trade would lose a lot of money. But what about the Press Council which is set up to deal with the vagaries of the British press? Scornfully Astor gives the reply: "The Press Council is merely a defence organisation of the newspapers themselves."

Finally this particular David hurled his last stone at the giant popular press: "It is up to courageous individuals and to bodies who can stand up to them—serious newspapers, the B.B.C., and even Commercial Television—to try and protect the privacy, as well as the liberty, of the citizen from these commercial pillory operators."

This was too much for Hugh Cudlipp, the brilliant young editor-in-chief of the 4 million circulation tabloid, The Daily Mirror. He has the face of a poet, the smile of a film star, and a mind as sharp-pointed as a dagger. With all the power of the printer's ink he challenged Astor to name one editor in Fleet Street who had been "nobbled" by powerful people to conceal from the public the news of "scandalous behaviour."

Mr Astor named two, but he was on dangerous ground and wisely went no further. Gloatingly the Mirror attributed to the Sunday Observer the hypocritical qualities of Dickens' Pecksniff, after which there was a truce of exhaustion. At last we could forget the Huggins affair and leave the newspapers to make our flesh creep with the story of Russia's nuclear strength, and the dream of the Middle East. But even when everyone had grown tired of the wordy battle

the Daily Mirror felt it necessary to proclaim that Astor's newspaper proprietor who had been nobbled, not one newspaper which had suppressed news through fear of losing advertising, not one newspaper which had suppressed news through fear that powerful people might be able successfully to win public sympathy for themselves.

"Having made four wild charges," said the Daily Mirror, "David Astor retreats under a smoke screen."

And with that we shall leave Cudlipp and Astor to their secret thoughts. By this time they must have exhausted not only their readers but themselves.

Yet this brawl between two editors raises a question which must be asked even though the answer is not easy. Are the vagaries of the well known and respected man, like Sir John Huggins fair game for a popular press? To put it in another form, are the private affairs of distinguished men the legitimate concern of the public?

It is easy and natural to say "NO!" Yet I suggest that in the case of a prominent citizen who has been honoured for his services to the State he must pay the price of his own high achievement. As Governor of Jamaica Sir John dealt justly but firmly with the black children of the sun when they offended against the accepted code. As a man of honour he could not expect to break the code at home without loss of face.

But what business is it of newspapers to spread scandal to the four winds? The newspapers would reply that it is their purpose in the scheme of things to hold the glass to the passing scene. It is not the mirror which creates honour or dishonour, virtue or scandal, although the hand that holds it can direct it and thus choose what it will reveal.

Sir John Huggins gave a lifetime of distinguished service to the State and was rightly renowned for it. To a man who has actively served as a Foreign Consul for many years the sudden retirement that is forced upon him by the age rule presents a problem which is difficult to solve. When as in this case his wife starts out on a political career which keeps her on the move then the ineffectuality of retirement becomes doubly difficult for the husband.

Which brings us back to the behaviour of the press. When Sir John openly journeyed to the Riviera in company with a woman who was not his wife he knew the price that he would have to pay. Perhaps in the loneliness and inactivity of retirement he deemed the price worth paying. But for the newspapers to have suppressed the story would indeed show a partiality that could not be justified on any grounds.

But is that the end of the story? After the battle between Astor and Cudlipp can we now get back to cricket and the affairs of the Middle East? I am afraid not. It is not so. There is always Randolph Churchill, the irrepressible and the inevitable. Just as Cudlipp and Astor were showing signs of exhaustion Randolph weighed in with an article in SPECTATOR in which he declared open war against the whole of Fleet Street. Dealing with the claim of the MIRROR that no man should escape the righteous calumny of the press he declared:

"The late Lord Rothermere (proprietor of the DAILY MAIL) abandoned his support of Sir Oswald Mosley entirely as a result of pressure from advertisers (mostly tobacco people)."

"If the proprietor of one of our powerful national newspapers were to leave his wife and take a woman friend to Italy, would his editor publish the fact and obtain an interview from his wife? Would other newspapers do it? I judge not; even if the wife were so ill-bred as to wish to ventilate the matter in the press."

"I can think of many men whose private lives are much more interesting and splan than that of the drab, unfortunate couple who have just been pilloried. How strange it is that we never hear about their private lives... I would inform the editor and the readers of the Daily Mirror of a score of relations, mistresses and lovers of people connected with the press whose names are never mentioned whatever they do. I have no desire to marry a man just because he owns a newspaper. I am sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that the rich are just as much entitled as the poor to have privacy in their lives. I think this is a matter where privilege should not enter, and find it exceptionally disgusting that those who are uniquely circumstanced to protect themselves and their children should make more money than they can spend by denying similar privileges to those less fortunate than themselves."

I am genuinely sorry for my friends Sir John Huggins and his wife, and for the lady whom Sir John intends to marry as soon as it is in order to do so. They little thought they would unleash such a storm in the Street of Ink.

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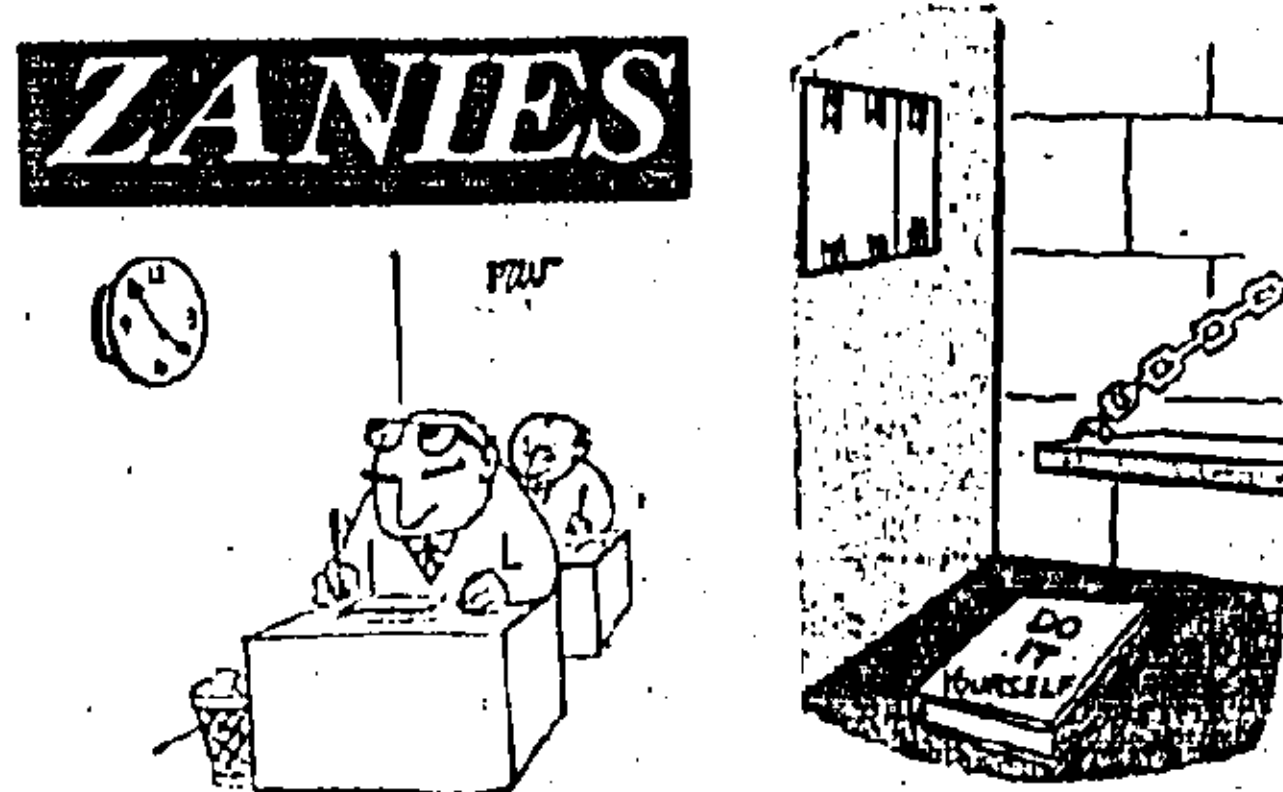
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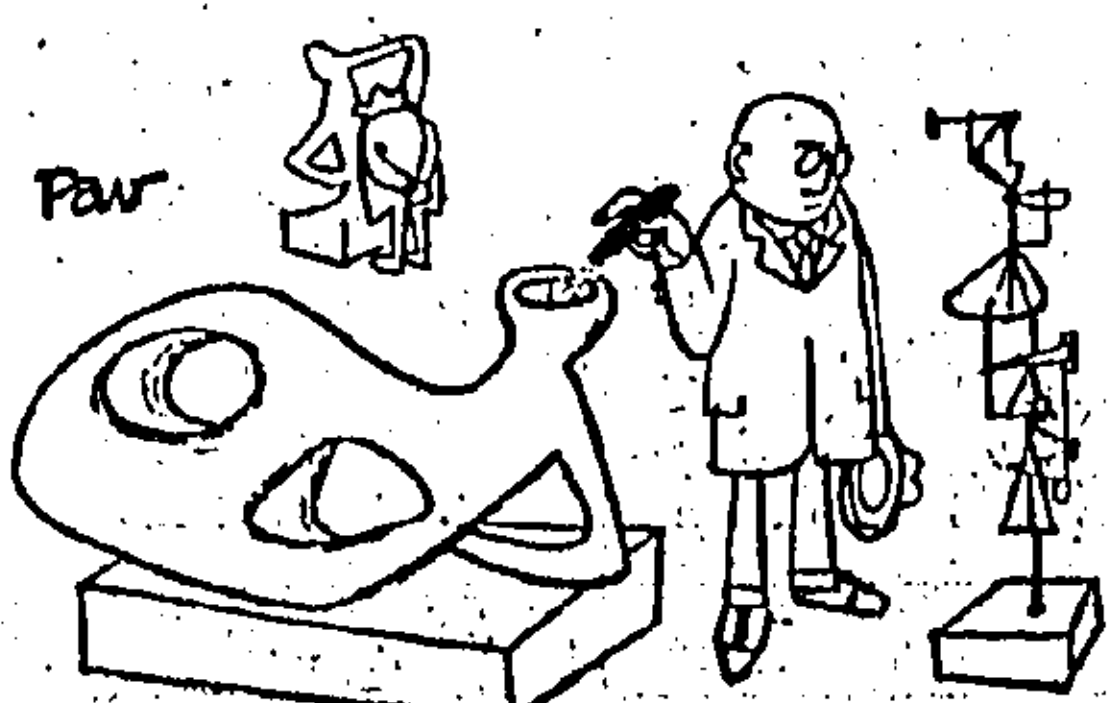
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

NEW YORK'S RICHEST WOMEN

(LAST OF A SERIES)

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

'Diamond Dozens' 3 Free-Spenders

HORACE once observed that wealth excuses folly, and among our richest women there are those who have made this thought their philosophy of life.

These are the free-spenders of wealth, the perennial playgirls who regard their inheritances as the open sesame to a lifetime of extravagance which might well shock the financial sensibilities of an Eastern potentate.

With dollars inherited from fathers and grandfathers, they find it possible to buy castles on the Rhine, mansions on swanky Sutton Place and private islands in the Caribbean sun, but they seldom have been able to afford that intangible poorest of us can have—happiness.



BARBARA HUTTON

DORIS DUKE

MRS IVOR BRYCE

THREE OF THESE free-spenders of wealth round out our list. They are Barbara Hutton, Doris Duke and Josephine Hartford, who between them have had 12 husbands and more newspaper publicity than any Nobel Prize winner, and more than most movie stars and U.S. Presidents.

All but forgotten are the men who amused these huge fortunes—F. W. Woolworth, James Buchanan Duke and Edward V. Hartford—and remembered are the adventures and misadventures, marriages and divorces of these women who are the custodians of their wealth.

BARBARA HUTTON has spent her adult life—and approximately 10 million Woolworth dollars—in acquiring six husbands.

Doris Duke has occupied her time with two marital misadventures, a sprawling pig farm in New Jersey, the acquisition of homes she seldom occupies, the study of modern jazz and yoga lessons. Josephine Hartford has had four husbands, a dilapidated and temporary interest in thoroughbred racing and an ill-starred venture in hotdogs.

All three of these women, of course, have become a bit disillusioned over the years and it is possible that old age will find them equipped with a fair amount of wisdom about life but they have certainly gone about getting it the hard way—with dollars.

Most disillusioned, having been most frequently hurt by the cruel and callous world, is Barbara Hutton, the wispy little blonde woman who has been a Princess, a Countess, the wife of a Hollywood star, a Princess again, the belle of a play, a diplomat and, finally, a mere Baroness.

Despite her current observation that "one can't go on being a fool forever," Barbara was recently courted by young Philip Van Rensselaer, who

seemed eager to become her seventh mate despite her recent coolness toward him.

Barbara, of course, is definitely separated from Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the German tennis ace. He seems to have been forgotten from the beginning of the Van Rensselaer romance, although Barbara has shifted lately to another handsome young man, Jimmy Douglas, son of the Secretary of the Air Force.

"Money alone cannot bring you happiness, but money alone has not brought me unhappiness," Barbara told an interviewer back in June of 1955. "I won't say my previous husbands thought only of my money, but it had a certain fascination for them."

As Barbara admits, men are somehow attracted to a good-looking blonde with \$47,000,000 in her bank account. So it was no surprise to anyone that Georgian Prince Alexis Mdivani, hustled her into marriage before she was 21.

Mdivani was a man of extensive tastes and soon let Barbara know that his big interest was polo and that in order to play polo one needed polo ponies. Barbara bought him the best string of ponies in Europe and dutifully sat on the sidelines while he got his kicks with the fellows.

After ruining her health by strenuous riding in order to achieve the slender silhouette Mdivani wanted, Barbara decided she had enough and got her first divorce.

A girl with her kind of loot doesn't remain single long and Count Kurt von Hauwitz-Reventlow was waiting to catch her on the first bounce. Barbara's only child, Lance, was born of this short-lived marriage, which ended with Barbara bestowing \$1,000,000 on the Count to save his injured feelings.

Her third, and perhaps her happiest marriage to date, was with actor Cary Grant, who refused to live on her money, insisted on settlement when they divorced and has re-

married her close friend to this day.

Her fourth was Prince Igor Troubetzkoy, whom she managed to leave without settlement and without even the cost of their friendship. They remain close even today.

Fifth and most frustrating of her marriages was her whirlwind 73-day tenure as the wife of J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

After the ceremony in Manhattan during which Barbara slipped a Scotch highball and Rubi nonchalantly pulled at a cigarette, Barbara told news-

"I feel as though someone hit me on the head."

Less than three months later she must have felt as though someone had hit her right smack in the purse, because Rubi had cost her more than \$1,000,000 and had persuaded her to buy him a plantation in the Dominican Republic and a DC-3 so that he could get around better in international circles.

HARDLY AS MARRIAGE-MINDED AS BABS, but even wealthier and certainly as disillusioned in the magic of money, is Doris Duke, whose fortune is believed to be \$300,000,000, give or take a few millions. As the daughter of the late tobacco tycoon James Buchanan Duke, Doris always had the bread buttered on both sides and grew up in luxury to be a pretty, slender blonde.

On Valentine's Day, 1935, she married James H. R. Cromwell, the former U.S. Minister to Canada, and divorced him in 1943.

Her second marriage, which lasted only a year, was to Rubi, who smoked during that ceremony, too, perhaps out of respect for the source of the bride's loot. A little poorer financially than when she had married Rubi, Doris told newsmen in Reno when she filed for the divorce:

"When we became friends I found the secret is to talk to them a lot—it makes them feel important. Anyway, it worked for me."

When James Stewart took on a ready-made family—his wife had two sons by a former marriage—he, too, approached the situation quietly.

"When I arrived the children looked on me as a kind of boarder," he said. "But I took it easy. They saw that I paid my rent regularly, didn't come in too late at night and was on quite good terms with the managers." Getting them to call me Daddy was the most difficult thing."

One step-parent who seems to have had no trouble at all is Jenn Simmons.

Jimmy Granger's 14-year-old son, Jamie, goes to college at Tucson, Arizona, and at the

end of this summer term he went to his first breaking-up date—partnered by Miss Simmons.

Naturally, some of the boys tried to eat in, but Jamie warned them off with "She's not only my date—she's my mother."

A MORAL

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It is: "Don't try to rush children into demonstrating affection for a new parent."

One thing I'm sure about—even if Jenny should not approve of Mr. Schmidt—Ingrid Bergman will go right ahead and marry him.

And, for one, would cheer. It is one thing to consider your children—but it's quite another thing to sacrifice your personal happiness in pandering to their feelings.

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16

BORN today, you have a keen, analytical mind. Mathematics and the exact sciences interest you, but you also have been given the gift of being able to express yourself by the written word. You can take a most complicated subject and make it appear simple and uncomplicated to the average mind. This ability to interpret should be put to good use, either in the sciences or in the creative art. You are versatile but probably will find that one talent is more pronounced than the other. Early in life, concentrate on this one and you can become outstanding.

You are quite shrewd, too, when it comes to business matters and are always the one to read the small print in any contract. You are not apt to come out on the wrong side of any deal. You may not make millions, but you will never be poor. If you are, it's because you haven't used the natural talents you were born with!

Although you can be socially adaptable, you have moods when you prefer your own company to that of others. Be careful in marriage for you need to find someone who can foresee your moods and adapt to them. You have a quick temper, which you should learn control. You often say things in anger you regret as soon as you have cooled off. Count ten and all is well!

Among those born on this date were: Sophie Braslau, singer; Eugene O'Neill, dramatist and Pulitzer Prize winner; Antonio Lavoisier, chemist, and Amos Kendall, journalist, editor and statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Not the day to act on impulse. For best results plan everything carefully and then stick to your plans.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Spend this day in a busy fashion. Summertime is the time to relax in the sunshine!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A social day, with either participation in sports or watching some tournament events.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—After your usual morning devotion, spend the balance of the day in the outdoors.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A social day, suitable to the day should bring pleasure and spiritual uplift, as well.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Perhaps your community is having a day of special events. Join in wholeheartedly and give your full support.

BORN today, the stars have given you splendid natural talents, but you are disinclined to make the most of them. Things are likely to come to you almost too easily and hence you do not put out the best efforts to achieve top rank. Too often you are satisfied with mediocre when you could have far more. If you will stir yourself and reach out for the stars, you will reach fame and probably fortune, as well.

You are the type of person of whom people say, "Brilliant, but no ambition." This is your fault, for if you will stop swimming with the tide and strike out upstream, the chances are that you will achieve brilliance.

You are affectionate and kindly toward all. You cannot endure seeing others suffer and probably would do well in some career that calls for your helping others to better themselves. You would make fine nurses or teachers. If you ever come into money, you probably will use most of it in some philanthropic enterprise. But you will not want to be known for your good works. You are the type who always gives "from a friend." You will probably be a contented, happy life but not a spectacular one unless you decide that you want it that way.

Among those born on this date were: John T. Kirkland, early president of Harvard; Julia Marlowe, Shakespearean actress, and Davy Crockett, pioneer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you have a legal problem to be solved, this could be the day to get everything settled in your favour.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Combine social and business interests to your distinct advantage. Let an important person help you.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—All depends upon your own efforts. Step up your production quota; finish an important project.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Make the most of the next three days. It is a highly rewarding period for you.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Anticipate profitable returns from all your efforts now. This is "payoff" time for you.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You can take a chance now. Aspects are propitious, so take advantage of the green light.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Work for an improvement in your prospects. You can ask for—and get—just about what you want now.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be alert to some new advantage or a newly-opened opportunity. Grasp it and get ahead.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A prosperous period for you now. Now is the time to make the most of your opportunities.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Let those who want to help you, do so. You can reciprocate later if you must.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Project an original idea and the chances are that it will succeed beyond your fondest dreams.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A new career opening may arise this week. Be sure that you are quick to seize your chance.

VERONICA PAPWORTH

LANCÔME'S "NUTRIX"

"Nutrix" is a cream which is convenient for all skins for all ages, being extremely efficient for dry and very dry skins as well as for all normal skins which may suffer from lack of moisture.

"Nutrix" has been established by leading biologists and chemists and their research has been dominated by the idea to create a product for the balance of the skin.

The human skin is essentially a gland of animal composition. Therefore it is advisable to use animal rather than vegetable products to nourish the epidermis.

When studying greases and animal tissues you always find the presence of a certain alcohol which is called cholesterol.

Cholesterol existing in all animal tissues is very important and "Nutrix" contains it. On the other hand, the derivatives of phosphorus being most important, "Nutrix" contains in considerable quantity phosphorus-containing greases in the form of lecithin.

When a body is exhausted, physicians recommend the active principle of blood which is the serum. Serum is a biological product of the highest importance and it is employed to bathe the deeper layer of the skin. Nobody except Lancôme has been able to introduce fresh serum in a cream, as fresh serum decays. It has required painstaking researches to stabilize the fresh serum included in "Nutrix", to which active vitamins have been added.

Vitamins are as important as hormones because, although existing in small quantity, they are the factor through which the foods are assimilated and distributed. Vitamins do not really exist in the human body but they are found in most of the foods and they are absolutely needed to entertain life.

Therefore being established with all the basic nourishment of the human body, Nutrix brings to the cells of the skins everything that is needed for their normal strength and development. The high powerful action of "Nutrix" permits to say that it is the best regenerating cream existing. Not only does "Nutrix" penetrate immediately but it will not flow out, bringing right into the tissues the biological nutrition needed for the skin.

"Nutrix" is a night cream and being pure and white, it does not stain the underwear or the bed sheets. To apply "Nutrix", a small quantity to be massaged on the face is sufficient as the cream is very active.

"Nutrix" is useful for everybody, protecting young, skin and rejuvenating older skin. It will protect against dryness, cold, sharp air, sunburns and has, generally speaking, wonderful healing effects. For instance, it can be used for the smallest babies to soothe their irritations and their rashes. It will help even men who suffer from burns after shaving.

The action of "Nutrix" will be really spectacular after a few weeks, but against burns, the action is immediate.

"Nutrix" is delightfully perfumed as Lancôme always combines the tradition of a great perfumer with the highest scientific research.

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(Beauty Specialist, Helena Rubinstein
Institutions, London, Paris)

Salon d'OR

Room 103, Yu To Sang Bldg., Queen's Rd., C.

Hong Kong.

Telephone: 21417

HOW DO YOU INTRODUCE YOUR DAUGHTER TO YOUR NEXT HUSBAND? by Patricia Lewis

TWO weeks ago Ingrid Bergman introduced the 19-year-old daughter of her first marriage, Jenny Lindstrom, to the converted farmhouse near Paris that will be her home after she takes Lars Schmidt as her third husband.

It is a preliminary to the problem facing any mother about to remarry, how to win your child's approval of the man you love but she has yet to meet.

Jenny will meet Lars before she returns to America next month—either soon in Paris or later in Sweden. So, before mother and daughter left London on this most important trip, I asked Miss Bergman how far she thought children should be allowed to influence their parents' emotional life.

She thought hard before answering, then said: "It's no

good arguing whether they should or should not influence you—they do."

Judging from the companionable relationship—almost sisterly—that exists between Jenny and her mother, it seems Miss Bergman is confident of a happy outcome to the meeting between her eldest child and new stepfather.

STRATEGY

But just to see how this tricky situation has been resolved in similar circumstances I asked Mrs. Michael Wilding what her reactions had been when introduced to her husband's two boys by his marriage to Elizabeth Taylor.

"Mike drove me out to where they were staying at Palm Springs," she told me. "We took lots of toys after all. Chris is only three and Michael is just five. I adored them right away but it's they were terribly shy at first. I thought the best thing

was to ignore them for a while so they didn't feel overpowered."

"When we became friends I found the secret is to talk to them a lot—it makes them feel important. Anyway, it worked for me."

When James Stewart took on a ready-made family—his wife had two sons by a former marriage—he, too, approached the situation quietly.

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And, for one, would cheer. It is one thing to consider your children—but it's quite another thing to sacrifice your personal happiness in pandering to their feelings.



RIGHT: Pretty Jennifer Jean Pottigrow poses for the camera in her mother's arms after her christening at St John's Cathedral on Sunday.



★
ABOVE: H.E. the Governor and Lady Black (third and fifth from left) at the gala premiere of the film "Dunkirk" held on Monday at the Hoover Theatre in aid of the Earl Haig Fund.

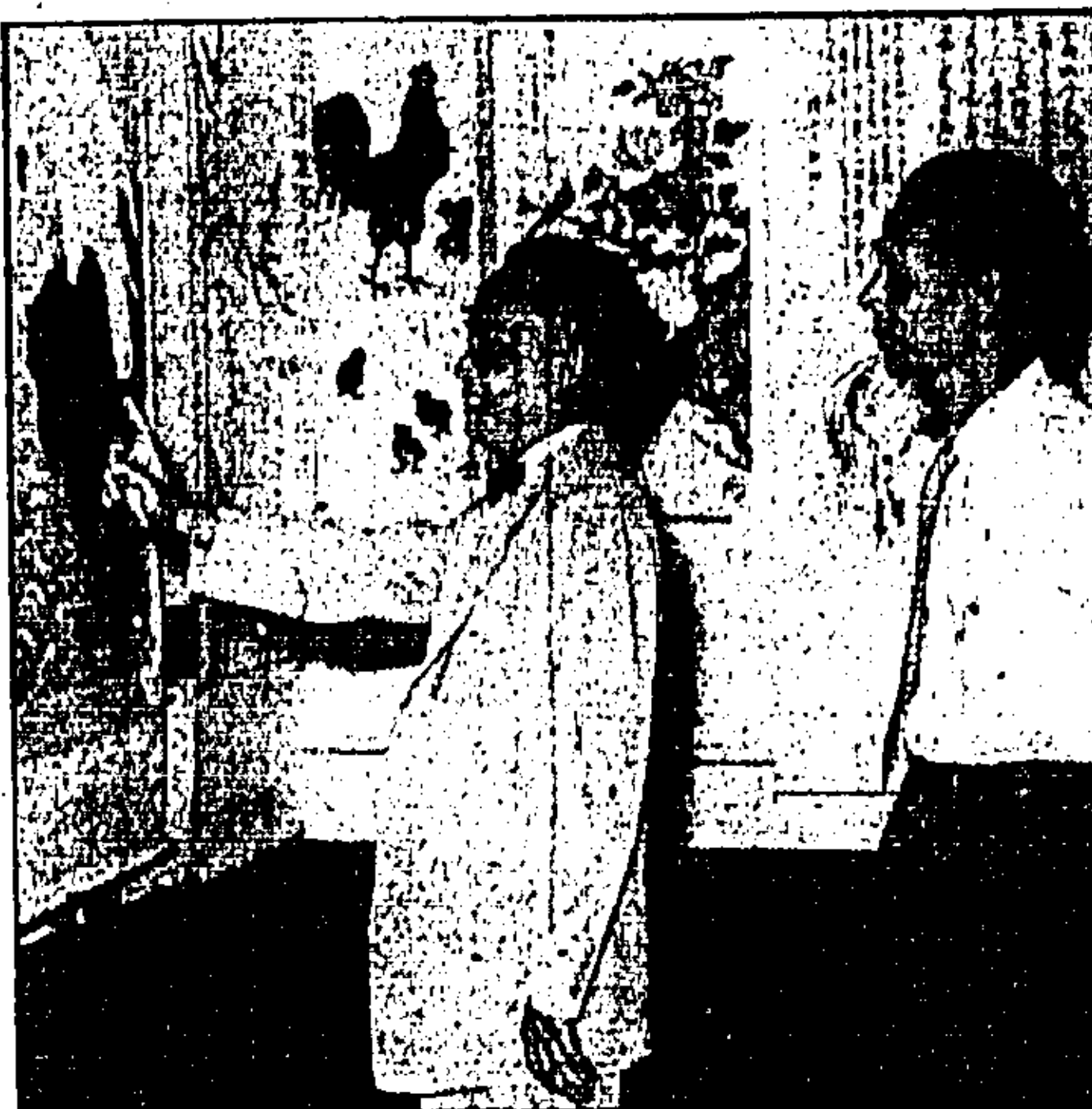


★
LEFT: The Rev. and Mrs. Paul Wong Wah Bun after their wedding last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Ruth Lai Yee Lan.



★
BELOW: Two admirers of a painting at a three-day exhibition of Chinese paintings at St John's Cathedral Hall earlier this week. The exhibition was conducted by the Hongkong Chinese Art Club.

★
ABOVE: Miss Patricia Baillargeon, secretary to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was 'feted' at a luncheon last Saturday at the Astor Hotel by Hongkong's United Nations Association. She is seen here with Mr. Ma Man-wei, Chairman of the Association.



★
ABOVE: Mr. Henry B. Kirby, Conservative Member of Parliament, being interviewed by members of the Press as he arrived at Kai Tak Airport last Saturday en route to Formosa at the invitation of the Nationalist Government.



★
ABOVE: More than 30 boys left for Junk Bay by launch on Tuesday to start a week's camp sponsored jointly by the European and Chinese YMCA's. Pictured are some of the boys waving goodbye to an anxious young member of the opposite sex.



★
ABOVE: Three pretty Japanese girls who will be the first Asian air hostesses to serve on board Qantas airliners, left for Sydney last Saturday for six weeks' training. They are (l-r) Miss Oshima, Miss Kazuko Ohtsu and Miss Yoshiko Watanabe.



★
BELOW: A three-legged race by boys at the summer camp at Junk Bay. The boys—53 in all—put on a show for parents and friends featuring songs and games they had learned during the week's stay.

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ABOVE: Five students from the United States arrived from Bangkok on Tuesday on a goodwill tour. They are (l-r) Joyce Landford, Stanley Schwartz, Harold Tate (escort), Barbara Washington, Susan Yankowitz and Lois Zamelsky.



★
ABOVE RIGHT: Capt. and Mrs. Peter O'Meara after their wedding at Rosary Church on Tuesday. The bride is the former Miss Lucy Ann Ryan.



★
LEFT: Mrs. H.A.S. Disney gets a bouquet from twins Caroline and Rebecca Thornton after she had distributed trophies during the R.A.F. Hong Kong annual inter-unit swimming competition.



ABOVE: Amar Singh (in turban) of the Indian Navy Flagship, Mysore, shops in the Central District earlier this week, assisted by two members of the USS Noble.



TWELVE finalists in the "Hongkong's Loveliest Legs" contest were chosen last Friday in preliminary judging on the terrace of the Ritz Swimming Pool. Pretty Kathryn Cheung (ABOVE, No. 2) giggles at the sight of an enterprising photographer trying for an unusual angle. At RIGHT is glamorous Irene Hurlow. Both girls are in the finals which were judged last night.

★
LEFT: Col. F. E. Jowkes making a speech during the graduation ceremony of the Salvation Army's Girls' Home in Tsun Wan. Mr. D. Benson (opposite) later presented certificates and prizes to graduates of primary classes run by the Salvation Army.



★
LEFT: Mr. Serge Bourguignon, Pathe film director, tells Hongkong reporters of his search for a beautiful Asian girl to fill a role in a proposed film. He met the Press shortly after his arrival at a cocktail party at the Gloucester Hotel.

★
BELOW: The new committee of the Chinese Catholic Club, which was elected recently, pose for a group photograph shortly after a swearing-in ceremony at the Club's premises this week.



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Clean-Cut Lines

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

"THEY say the two-storey home is making a comeback. That may well be, but there will still be many who prefer the long, low look of the ranch house. Its clean-cut lines are appealing, and you can't beat it for convenience.

Comfortable Home

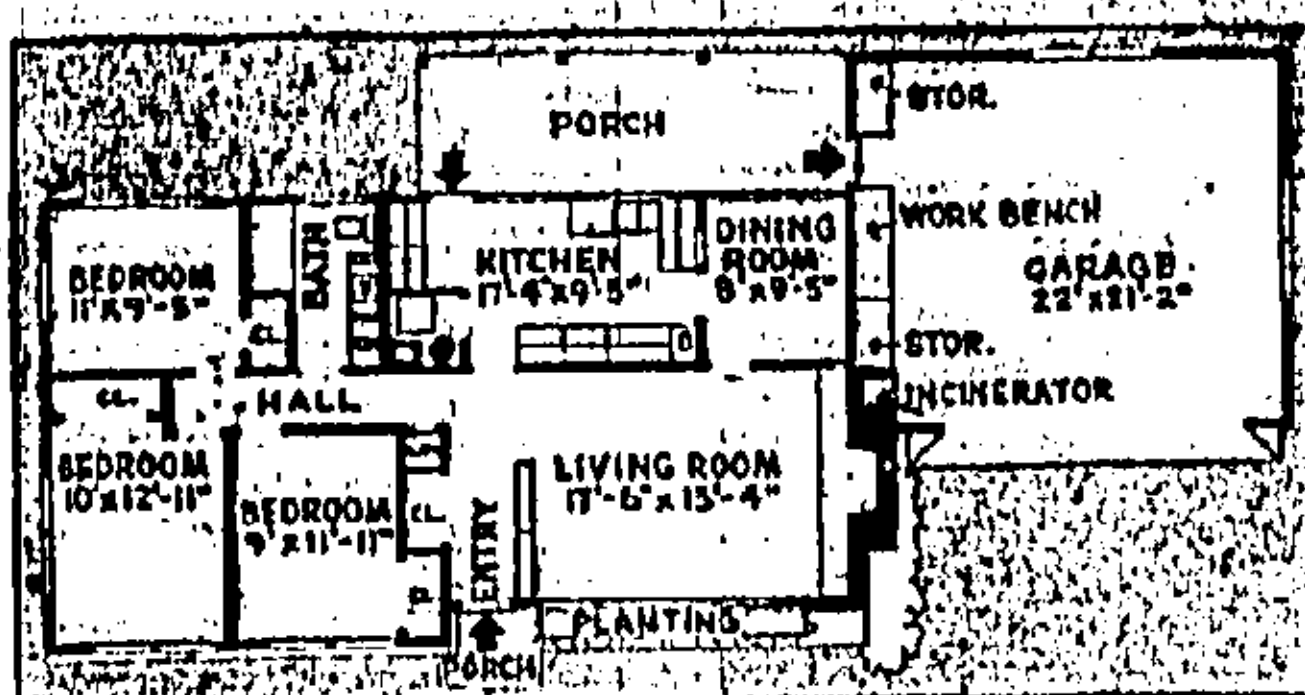
Take design H-265-KF as an example. Compact, well-planned, it's a comfortable family home. The entry has a guest closet and, close by, there's a hall linen closet. Large and lovely, the living room's right off the entry. A massive fireplace stretches across the far end of the room.

There's a big picture window at the front and two built-in bookcases.

Dining Area

The dining room is small but adequate. It could appear larger if, instead of centering a big table in it, a fold-away table were used. This would have the added advantage of uniting living room and dining room in a decorative manner, making both together a combination area for large-scale entertaining.

The kitchen, adjacent to the dining room, is a homemaker's dream come true. Spacious, it has cabinets and counter space galore. Laundry facilities are located along a side wall near the back entrance. There's a separate room for furnace and hot water heater. Space is re-



THREE BEDROOMS and a bath are at left, on the floor plan. Dining room, kitchen and living room complete the layout.

served for a breakfast table and serving meals to the dining room is simplified by a pass-through. All three bedrooms have good window areas.

Each of the corner bedrooms has three windows arranged to provide cross-ventilation. The front bedroom has two windows. Closet space in all rooms is good.

The bath opens off the bedroom hallway, convenient to the living area. A built-in vanity and a linen closet add to its efficiency.

A two-car garage is attached. Here, you'll find further storage facilities—closets and cabinets plus a work bench and an incinerator. The garage opens on a covered porch leading to the back door.

Quarters for servants could be added.

Design H-265-KF comprises 1,150 square feet; 12,870 cubic feet. The garage is 541 square feet.



New Low-Calorie Drinks To Help You Keep Cool

"MANY persons pull a long face when they speak of nutrition," observed the Chef. "This is a great mistake. 'Nutrition, or the process of being properly nourished, is not a grim matter. On the contrary, it should be gay, light-hearted, what many call fun.'"

"And it can be, Chef," I re-

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plied. "It depends on one's point of view.

"For instance, the weather is hot and muggy. Children and grown-ups long for cooling drinks. When homemade in a blender they can be not only delicious and refreshing but low in calories, too.

"Let's make up our new versions and add some thin-sliced open chicken sandwiches. Then let's take our trays out to the terrace and enjoy a leisurely lunch."

TINKLING DRINKS

(Serving for 8 oz. glasses)

Pineapple Fruit Cream Frappe: Crush ½ c. ice by means of an attachment to an electric blender or by pounding ice cubes in a towel. Into container of an electric blender, put 1 c. diced pineapple, 2 tsp. sugar and ½ c. light cream or milk. Buzz for 3 seconds. Add ¼ c. crushed ice and buzz for 5 sec. Pour into glass.

Cantaloupe Cream Frappe: Substitute cantaloupe for pineapple. Peach is nice in this drink, too.

Fresh Fruit Soda: Into container of an electric blender, put juice of 1 lime, lemon or orange, and ¾ tsp. sugar. Cover. Buzz for 1 min.

Pour into glass filled 2/3 with crushed ice. Fill with sparkling water.

Serve with a straw. Garnish with a twisted strip of fruit peel.

Apple Ginger Crush: Into container of an electric blender, put 1 washed, cored, sliced but unpeeled apple, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. sugar and ¼ c. ginger ale. Cover; buzz 30 sec.

Pour into glass packed with crushed ice and fill glass with ginger ale.

DINNER

Tomato Aspic-on-Lettuce:
Braised Lamb Shanks:
Pimiento Sauce:
Parried Potatoes:
Swiss chard

Sugared Fresh Fruit:
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea:
Milk

All measurements are level, unless otherwise noted. **Braised Lamb Shanks:** Order 6 lamb shanks split. Cut off all possible fat. Brown shanks in 2 tsp. oil.

Add 1 qt. boiling water, 2 tsp. beef granules, 1 (4 oz.) can Italian mixed herbs, tops 1 head celery and 1 chopped peeled onion. Cover.

Simmer 2 hrs., or until fork-tender.

Remove shanks from broth.

Brush lightly with oil.

Bake 30 min., or until brown, in moderate oven, 375° F.

Chill 1 c. of broth. Remove fat. Use broth in making a pimiento sauce.

Pimiento Sauce: Small-dice pimientos in 1 (4 oz.) can directly into pt. saucepan. Add their liquid. Stir in 1½ tsp. flour, 1 tsp. prepared horseradish and 1 drop liquid garlic. Stir in reserved cooled lamb broth. Cook-stir until boiling. Add 1 tsp. dairy sour cream.

THE CHEF SUGGESTS

Strain 1 pt. broth left from cooling lamb shanks into a jar. Stir in ½ tsp. Worcestershire and 3 drops Tabasco. Cover. Chill.

Remove fat. Serve as a chilled aspic.

For garnish, use plenty of minced chives and small-diced fresh tomatoes.



SAVE FRESH FRUIT drinks in glasses set in hollowed-out fruit containers. Enjoy the beverage, then eat the container!

MODESTY VEST IN CROCHET

MATERIALS

1 ball white Coats Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 gm.).

Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION

4 rows—¼ in. (1.9 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS

From neck edge 10 in. (25.5 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS

ch—chain; dc—double crochet; ss—slipstitch; sp—space; tr—treble.

DIRECTIONS

1st Row: Commence with 7 ch, 1 tr into 6th ch from hook, 1 tr into next ch, 5 ch, turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr into each tr of previous row, 5 ch, turn. Repeat 2nd row 16 times more, omitting turning ch on last repeat, 2 ch, 1 dc into first 5 ch loop (taking care not to twist braid) (1 circle made), 2 ch, turn.

Second Circle

(1 tr into each tr of previous row, 5 ch, turn) 16 times, omitting turning ch at end of last repeat, 2 ch, 1 dc into ninth 5 ch loop from hook, 2 ch, turn.

Repeat second circle till there are 17 circles made, omitting 2 ch at end of last repeat. Fasten off.

Centre Fill-In

1st Row: Fasten thread in first 5 ch sp inside circle (where dc joins circle), 5 ch, 1 tr into next 5 ch sp, (2 ch, 1 tr into next 5 ch sp) 7 times, 2 ch, 1 tr into 5 ch sp where circle joins, 2 ch, 1 ss into 3rd of 5 ch.

2nd Row: Ss into next ch and into sp, 3 ch, (1 tr into next 2 ch sp) 9 times, ss into 3rd of 3 ch, fasten off. Fill in all circles in this manner. (One band completed).

Make another band with 19 circles. Placing right sides together join these two bands by fastening thread through third 5 ch loop from joining of last circle made on first band to third 5 ch loop from joining in second last circle made in second band, * 18 ch, miss four 5 ch loops of both bands, 1 dc into next loop

of both bands; repeat from * to end of bands, 1 ch, turn, 1 dc into each ch and dc. Fasten off.

Make another band with 18 circles, join to second band by fifth last circle to last circle made in third band and complete joining in same manner as second band was joined to first.

Make one complete circle and sew to second and third bands by two 5 ch loops nearest joining on third last circle of second band and by two 5 ch loops on fifth last circle made on same band and then by two 5 ch loops nearest joining on last circle made of third band. Fasten off.

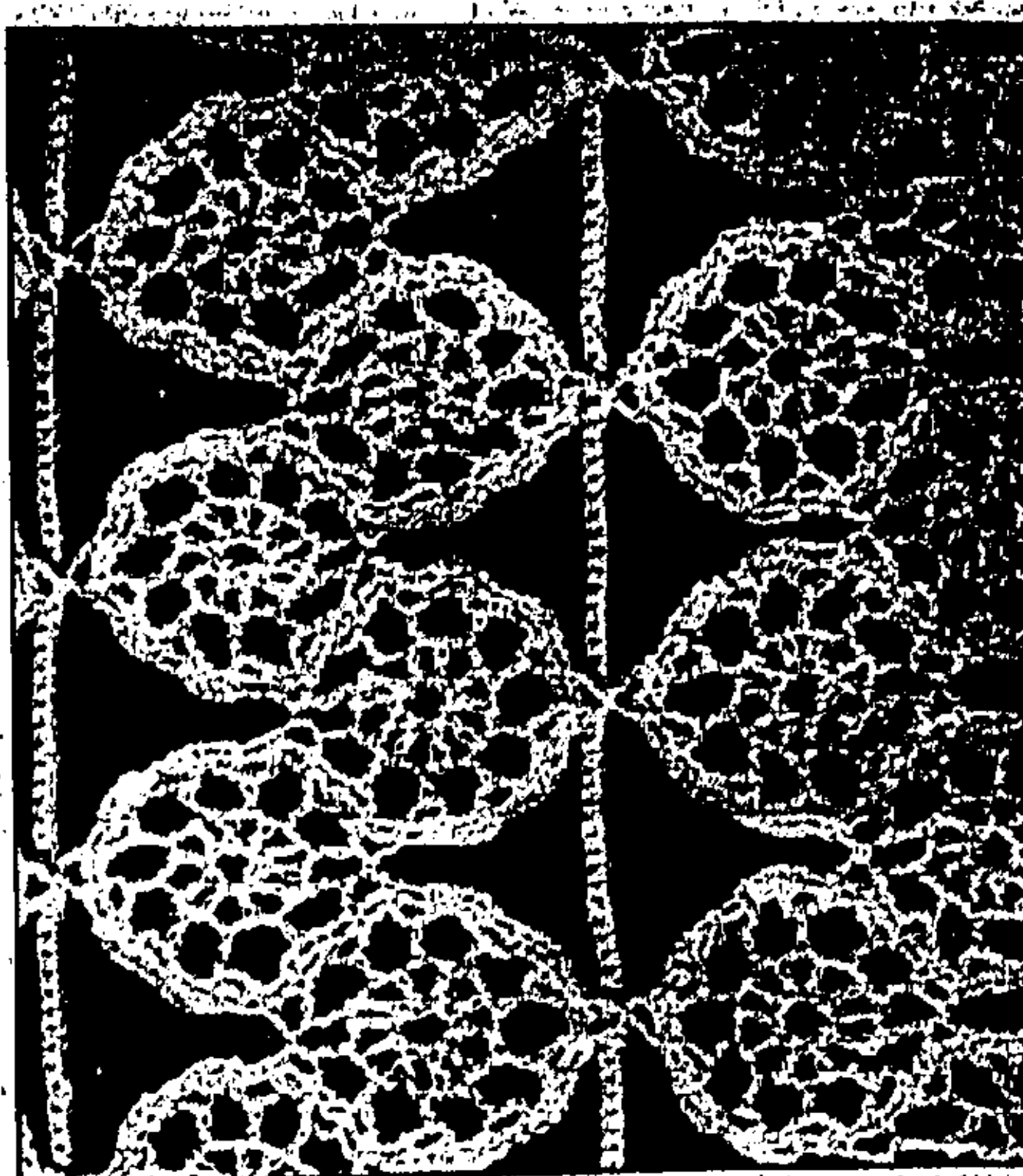
Make another band of 18 circles and join to third band by second last circles made in both bands and complete joining in same manner as previous bands were joined.

Make a band of 19 circles and another of 17 circles and join in same manner having one circle between fourth and fifth bands to correspond with other side.

Work 5 rows of braid, sew between third and fourth bands of circles at neck edge.

Damp and press.

THE PATTERN ENLARGED



A Little Common Sense Keeps Feet Comfortable

By JEANNE D'ARCY

"THESE are my sitting-down shoes," said a friend, pointing to her smartly pointed pumps. "The heels are so high and so thin that I only wear them when walking involves nothing more strenuous than stepping into a taxi and out of it, spending the rest of the evening sitting in a restaurant, theatre or a friend's house. Positively can't walk a block in 'em!"

KNOWS HER LIMITATIONS

Smily? No! It sounds like a good idea.

At least this lady knows her limitations. She wants feet to look smart but she's wise enough to realize some shoes weren't meant for stepping out in. Wear them when you have walking to do and it's trouble!

High heels—and now ones are spiky enough to make a girl's roller for oxygen—are not for walking. They throw the foot off balance. Consider them as a show shoe. They make legs appear more attractive and shapely. Wear something with a more sensible heel when you're going to be on your feet for any appreciable length of time.

FROM HIGH TO LOW

Switch from high to low in heel heights and you'll keep feet happy. Wear spikes all the time, if you like, but don't be surprised when you've come to show for your vanity.

Keep feet pretty by using a fragrant liquid lotion on them that will soften skin, remove any rough spots. Massage it in—feet wonderful!

Looker can do just as much for feet as it does for hands, so remember to use it. A new one for feet only, sometimes dried skin that can snag clogs and cost you dollars.



ROUGH SKIN at heels causes blisters to sting, so remove it by smoothing on a fragrant lotion that's just for feet!

How to be a goddess the hard way...

THAT stars should contrive to be like the girl next door has always struck me as rather silly, especially at a time when so many of the girls next door manage to become stars themselves.

Miss Bette Davis has never been in this category: she is of a different vintage, a fine old brandy rather than a lemon squish.

If nothing else, she has rarely value: there is nobody else like her, nobody else with those swamp-like eyes which grip you and don't let go. Observing Miss Davis in full spate, one was always apprehensive lest she should blow a fuse; all the nervous wiring of her body seemed to be smouldering.

TEARS

A woman who has never aspired to be beautiful, she has compelled attention by the sheer brute force of her acting; she twisted our arm, and we went quietly.

In her 25 years as a star she has wept enough tears to float an aircraft carrier, she has

I was just a workman, says Bette Davis
—maybe it was better that way

LIMELIGHT by Thomas Wiseman

suffered every trauma in the text-book and inflicted a few herself. In the grip of some emotion, love, hate, desire, revenge, she has churned up the screen like a harpooned whale.

She is the goddess of unrequited love. On the whole, one must be thankful that one's next door neighbour is not a bit like Bette Davis.

EPITAPH

I met her last week. She is 50 now, but this is irrelevant because Miss Davis has always been of some indeterminate age between 18 and 60. Dressed like Edith Sitwell at a fancy-dress party (for her role in The Sign of the Cross) in intimidating black and smoking a small Dutch cigar, she peppered me with sharp well-chosen glances and sharp, well-chosen words.

"My epitaph," she said, stubbing out her cigar as if she were choking it to death. "I'll be 'She did it'."

the hard way. Nobody ever told me that I was divine. The Warner Brothers for whom I worked didn't believe in that technique. At MGM they believed in the red carpet treatment for their stars; at Warner Brothers you were just workmen. I suppose in the long run, that was the better way of the two, though I should have liked to know what it feels like to be told that one is divine.

"I was never interested in doing anything that was easy. To be pretty and get some where on that would never have suited me—inside. Besides, I didn't really have much choice about that."

For someone who wanted obstacles to overcome, Hollywood was the right place to find them. She was not pretty. She was an actress. In Hollywood, this was an innovation. And a drawback.

"I was the first star," said Miss Davis, "who ever came out of the water looking wet. I

had to fight for that. Katharine Hepburn had the same fight. I never cared a jot about how I looked."

"In silent films you had to look like film stars; I was fighting to be allowed to look like people. When I was 30 I played Elizabeth the First who was supposed to be 60—I played her as she was then, bald, without eyebrows. Of course I didn't mind. I never gave a thought to how I looked."

REALISM

For audiences it was shock-therapy. Used to seeing film stars look like nothing on earth, they responded to Miss Davis's brand of polished realism. To see Miss Davis acting for art (something she did with almost masochistic relish) was a sight not to be missed: she never spared the wrinkles.

Today the wrinkles have caught up with her and no longer need to be faked, but unlike the characters she has played so magnificently, she feels no need to conceal them. "It is a sad plight for a woman who has been beautiful

BETTER DAVIS

...definitely

not the girl

next door



Where Do I Go From Here? Asks Michael Wilding

MICHAEL WILDING stood at the bar of a Westminster pub and bought me a beer. We were talking about his career. A career which isn't. "I should worry about it, I know," said Wilding, in that quiet, nervous voice which betrays an inherent shyness. "But I just don't."

"I've never taken myself seriously in the past, and I see no reason to start now."

He removed his Hollywood-size dark glasses and put them carefully in his pocket.

"They won't make my type of comedy again," he said. "I'm resigned to that. Spring in Park Lane belonged to a different era. They say it's no longer good box-office."

"The only question is: What do I do now? It's so easy to destroy one's status by appearing in the wrong thing." He contemplated his drink. "After all," he said, "Gable would destroy his reputation overnight if he played a Chinese dope-fiend in his next film."

"And remember Robert Montgomery? He wanted a change from light comedy—so he played a lunatic murderer in Night Must Fall. For ever after, no matter what he did, audiences kept expecting him to produce a body out of a suitcase. I don't want to make the same mistake."

I said: "If you come back here again someone might consider writing a story around you."

"No," he said. "That's too much to hope for. It doesn't happen any more. Anyway, my father's 64, and he's settled in California now. It wouldn't be fair to move him. That's my home now."

HAPPIEST YEARS

We talked about his new life with the former Mrs. Susan Nell. And the old life with Elizabeth Taylor.

"I've learned one thing," he said. "You can't chase happiness. You've just got to cross your fingers and hope it comes your way. As it has to me now."

"I'm sorry for Liz—but she'll be all right. She's got lots of guts, you know. More than most women. She got a lot from Mike Todd, remember. Two of the happiest and most incredible years any woman could ask for."

Although it was Todd, who was blamed for breaking up his marriage to Elizabeth Taylor and—according to his friend Stewart Granger—driving him to blank despair, Wilding has never had a bitter word to say about him.

Todd was a wonderful character, you know. And

very generous. He used to have my father over to the house all the time—because he knew dad adored our kid."

As he finished his drink and walked with me into the sunshine, he said: "I don't blame anybody for anything, really. Except, maybe, my mother. She should never have let me become an actor..."

SALESMANSHIP

General Rafael Trujillo—son of the Dominican dictator—made headlines recently by giving cars to Kim Novak and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Hollywood car salesmen—alarmed by falling car sales—having now adopted the slogan: "Buy your girl a car now—before Trujillo does."

A MISTAKE...

In her time Miss Anne Baxter has won an Oscar, had a salad named after her, taken up cigar smoking, made a lot of good films, and been to a premiere with diamond rings on her toes.

Now she is in London for a new play The Joshua Tree. At lunch the other day I told her I forgave her for everything, except playing Queen Meneptah in The Ten Commandments.

"I know," she said. "It was a mistake. I told Cecil B. DeMille I wouldn't make a convincing Egyptian with a nose like this."

"Ella Kazan said everyone in show business should take a gamble at least once a year. Well, I did in The Ten Commandments, and it didn't come off."

"It's the challenge, you see. I was convinced I could do something with that part, even if it was an epic. But that special epic dialogue they've got in Hollywood—'Hail—the King cometh,' etc.—that defeats you. That defeats anybody."

—Roderick Mann

It doesn't pay to be a genius

... IT'S BETTER JUST TO BE TALENTED, SAYS MR. LANCASTER, WORTH 3½ MILLION DOLLARS

BURT LANCASTER today finds himself stuck in a gold-plated cul-de-sac, which is as nice a place as any to get stuck in. There is no way out. Mr. Lancaster is hemmed in by money, success and fame.

"I am terribly wealthy," he told me this week. "I am worth 3½ million dollars. I am very happily married. I have five children. I've got everything I want. What more could I possibly need?"

The spell of success is positively aromatic around Mr. Lancaster. He could become a little richer or a little poorer, a little more famous or a little less famous, but there will always be the foreseeable future of the 3½ million dollars to cushion him from life's little mishaps.

Major power

A less balanced man might be unnerved by a future so unrelentingly rosy, and might decline into a life of luscious eating or a life of wild excesses. But Mr. Lancaster learned to keep his balance a long time ago when he was a high-wire acrobat.

by THOMAS WISEMAN

The former circus performer and army private is now in the position of being the employer of "Mr. Olivier" (as he calls him with the right mixture of respect and disregard for titles). He can hire Terence Rattigan to write his scripts. He can afford to lose half a million dollars (on The Sweet Smell of Success) without flinching unduly.

As one of the partners in the enormously successful independent production outfit of Hecht, Hill and Lancaster he is a major power in Hollywood.

All this has been achieved by Mr. Lancaster without ever

having been contaminated by the germ of genius. "Is a pretty dangerous thing to have," says Orson Welles. There's a man who certainly had it—he made two of the greatest films ever, Citizen Kane and The Magnificent Ambersons. But today a director wouldn't give him a job as a director.

"Genius is too erratic. It's better just to be talented. This idea that to do any worthwhile work you've got to lead a turbulent emotional life is all nonsense. The chances are you'll destroy yourself before you'll have a chance to create anything."

"I have a very balanced, very quiet life. I've been married 14 years—to the same girl. To portray an unbalanced character on the screen you don't have to be unbalanced—only have to observe some of my friends. There's material for the actor all around him."

The virtue of limitations has rarely been so positively demonstrated as by Mr. Lancaster. While Olivier, an actor of much greater talent, found it impossible to raise the money to make a film version of Macbeth, Mr. Lancaster found no difficulty in setting up a production of Shaw's The Devil's Disciple—with himself as the minister and Olivier as General Burgoyne.

What is attractive about Mr. Lancaster is that he has few illusions about the reasons for his success; he does not equate popularity with ability.

"In terms of popular appeal," he said, "what counts is appearance, personality. Skill, as an actor, that's something extra."

Keep calm

"I like to think of myself as a craftsman rather than as an artist. It is not my ambition to be a great actor like Mr. Olivier, nor would I be capable of becoming one."

"I am not moved by the desire to make more money or win more fame. I've got enough of both and there comes a point when you can't get any

more of either. I am just interested in doing things that interest me."

"When I first started in movies I was unsure of myself. Insecure. I would flare-up easily. When success comes as quickly as it came to me there are bound to be problems."

"You ask yourself, how do I come to be here and have I any right to be here? It took me a certain amount of time to adjust. Now I think I'm adjusted. I keep calm."

"Yes, sure, there are good things about success. It's the worship of success, the sycophantic world of press-agents and phony values that we attacked in The Sweet Smell of Success. That is what I'm against."

I pointed out to Mr. Lancaster that he was still living and operating in that world—and was an employer of Press-agents. Would he fire them if they told the unsympathetic truth about him?

Mr. Lancaster considered this for a moment, his face split open by a big disarming grin.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't fire them. In the end every actor gets the publicity he deserves."

But he added by way of self-protection: "Though I would fire any Press-agent who told the truth about me—without imagination."

In the mink

Miss Monique Van Vooren, who is a singer, told me that she had only four of her 12 minks with her just now because she did not want to burden herself unduly while she was travelling.

The rest she maintained in New York in the style to which they were accustomed.

Miss Van Vooren has been appearing in cabaret at a London night-spot and is now off to join her old friend Brigitte Barriot in Saint Tropez.

Minks are Miss Van Vooren's hobby. "Other people collect stamps, I collect minks," she informed me. Seven of them came from writers and husbands (she had had three of the latter), the rest she bought herself.

Knowing of her predilection, a New York firm made her a

As one of the partners in the independent production outfit of Hecht, Hill and Lancaster, Burt Lancaster is employer of Laurence Olivier—and Burt Lancaster.

bed of white mink. It cost 18,000 dollars. But Miss Van Vooren was not allowed to keep it. "I just passed for pictures in it," she said.

"Could you sleep in it?" I asked.

"Oh, me, I can sleep in anything," said Miss Van Vooren.

International

The Rank Organisation is becoming more international-minded. The days when every female role in their films would be filled by Belinda Lee, Muriel Pavlow or Anne Heywood are past.

Now they have signed up Juliette Greco to star in The Lorelei, which augurs ill for English starlets.

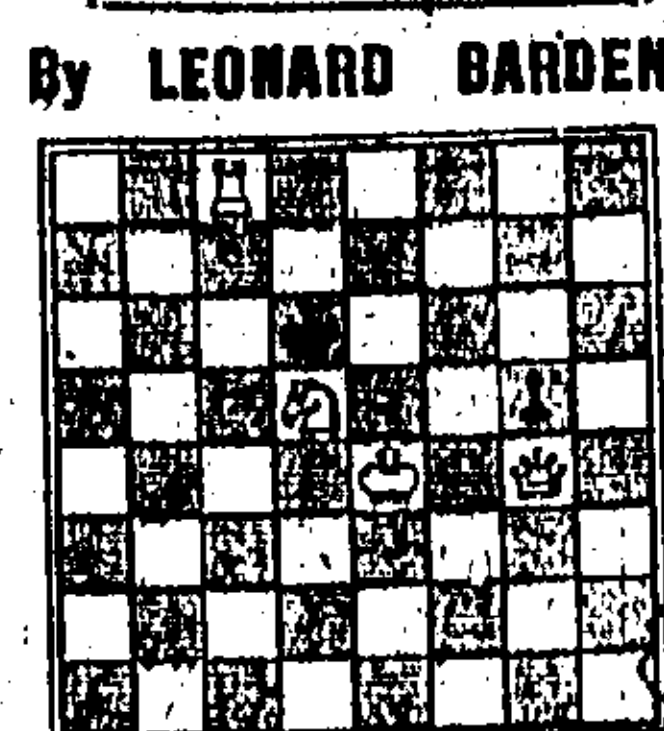
New look

Any other business, the successful play at the Westminster about a City takeover bid, is to go to New York in an apparently amended form.

The play will be substantially rewritten to reflect American business practices. Which suggests to me that what was a drama in London may become a melodrama on Broadway.

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a classic problem by Sam Loyd (1890). White to play and make in two moves. Solution: No. 4453. 1. Q-Q3, 2. P-Q4. 3. P-Q4. 4. P-Q4. 5. P-Q4. 6. P-Q4. 7. P-Q4. 8. P-Q4. 9. P-Q4. 10. P-Q4. 11. P-Q4. 12. P-Q4. 13. P-Q4. 14. P-Q4. 15. P-Q4. 16. P-Q4. 17. P-Q4. 18. P-Q4. 19. P-Q4. 20. P-Q4. 21. P-Q4. 22. P-Q4. 23. P-Q4. 24. P-Q4. 25. P-Q4. 26. P-Q4. 27. P-Q4. 28. P-Q4. 29. P-Q4. 30. P-Q4. 31. P-Q4. 32. P-Q4. 33. P-Q4. 34. P-Q4. 35. P-Q4. 36. P-Q4. 37. P-Q4. 38. P-Q4. 39. P-Q4. 40. P-Q4. 41. P-Q4. 42. P-Q4. 43. P-Q4. 44. P-Q4. 45. P-Q4. 46. P-Q4. 47. P-Q4. 48. P-Q4. 49. P-Q4. 50. P-Q4. 51. P-Q4. 52. P-Q4. 53. P-Q4. 54. P-Q4. 55. P-Q4. 56. P-Q4. 57. P-Q4. 58. P-Q4. 59. P-Q4. 60. P-Q4. 61. P-Q4. 62. P-Q4. 63. P-Q4. 64. P-Q4. 65. P-Q4. 66. P-Q4. 67. P-Q4. 68. P-Q4. 69. P-Q4. 70. P-Q4. 71. P-Q4. 72. P-Q4. 73. P-Q4. 74. P-Q4. 75. P-Q4. 76. P-Q4. 77. P-Q4. 78. P-Q4. 79. P-Q4. 80. P-Q4. 81. P-Q4. 82. P-Q4. 83. P-Q4. 84. P-Q4. 85. P-Q4. 86. P-Q4. 87. P-Q4. 88. P-Q4. 89. P-Q4. 90. P-Q4. 91. 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THE BOOK PAGE

Sixty years ago there was a gun duel in Waco, Texas. Its echoes have still not died down

TWO MEN DUEL OVER A GIRL AND HER BABY

by DEE WELLS

IN full high noon sunshine the dusty main street was hotter than a built-up back street in hell. Cow ponies drooped at tethering rails outside the saloons, and, inside, the ponies' owners drooped over hot poker games and even hotter raw whisky.

Some of them tossed a laconic "Howdy, Will," to the tall man in a broad-brimmed stetson nursing a quiet pint of beer. Others ignored him. Some pointedly turned their backs.

The man named Will frowned his beer and pushed open the double swinging doors. Outside, he crossed the sweating main street, strolled past the barber shop and Fannie Williams's real estate office. He didn't see the large man loitering too casually in William's doorway.

EMPTIED GUNS

But the latter saw him. And when the man called Will was a yard past, the man in the doorway leveled a gun straight at his back.

The pistol boomed like a cannon. The shot man staggered, nearly fell, but drew his gun, whirled about, and shot back blindly.

Only 100 feet away the large man dropped on one knee, a bullet in his leg. Both men fired again and again, until their guns were empty.

Main Street was no longer quiet, or deserted. Saloons burst open. Merchants dashed from cool, shadowy back rooms to the cloud of smoke and dust where two men lay dying.

One of the dying men was Tom Davis—whose name didn't

by the turmoil of its own adolescence. It was the die-hard centre of a bigoted, fundamentalist Baptist community. It was also a rip-roaring cattle town, offering girls and liquor to local cowboys.

It was a town where men wore guns more easily than neckties. Where, in spite of the disapproving, licensed red light district, and yet it was a town that boasted having almost as many churches as saloons.

The era of rule by the fastest draw was not yet past. Law and order were not yet firmly established.

In 1894, when Brann arrived in Waco, it had two nicknames. As "the Athens of Texas" it was peppered with schools and colleges. The most important was the Baptist-run Baylor University.

A SUCCESS

But it was also known as "Six Shooter Depot." And the cowboys, girls, and saloons were fixtures of longer standing than the schools.

Brann moved in. He bought a house. And in 1895, on shoe-string savings, he launched a monthly paper, the Iconoclast.

From the very first he adopted a policy that seemed crazy for any editor who wanted to make a commercial success of his paper. He crashed down on the local Baptist Church. He scoured and pilloried the Baptist elders for their hypocritical organised virtue.

Attacked! Such a thing had never happened to the smug Baptists. But they had two comforting thoughts. Hell and damnation would deal with Brann. In the meantime nobody would read his filthy rag.

They were wrong. The Iconoclast was an immediate success. It attracted attention even in the sinful world

beyond Texas. Circulation hit 120,000—for these days

Brann's battle with the Baptists was only a skirmish until one scandal caught and held his attention. A Brazilian girl named Antonia provided the issue for an all-out war.

Antonia Teixeira had come to Baylor University as a ward of the Baptists when she was 13 years old. She lived with Baylor's president, the Rev. Rufus Burleson, and his family, where, in return for board and tuition, she helped with the housework.

Three years later she was front-page news. Especially in the Iconoclast.

For while under the wing and roof of the Rev. Burleson, this Brazilian child had been raped three times, and was pregnant. Moreover, she claimed, her assailant was Stein Morris, brother of the Rev. Silas Morris, who was the Rev. Burleson's son-in-law.

TAILOR-MADE

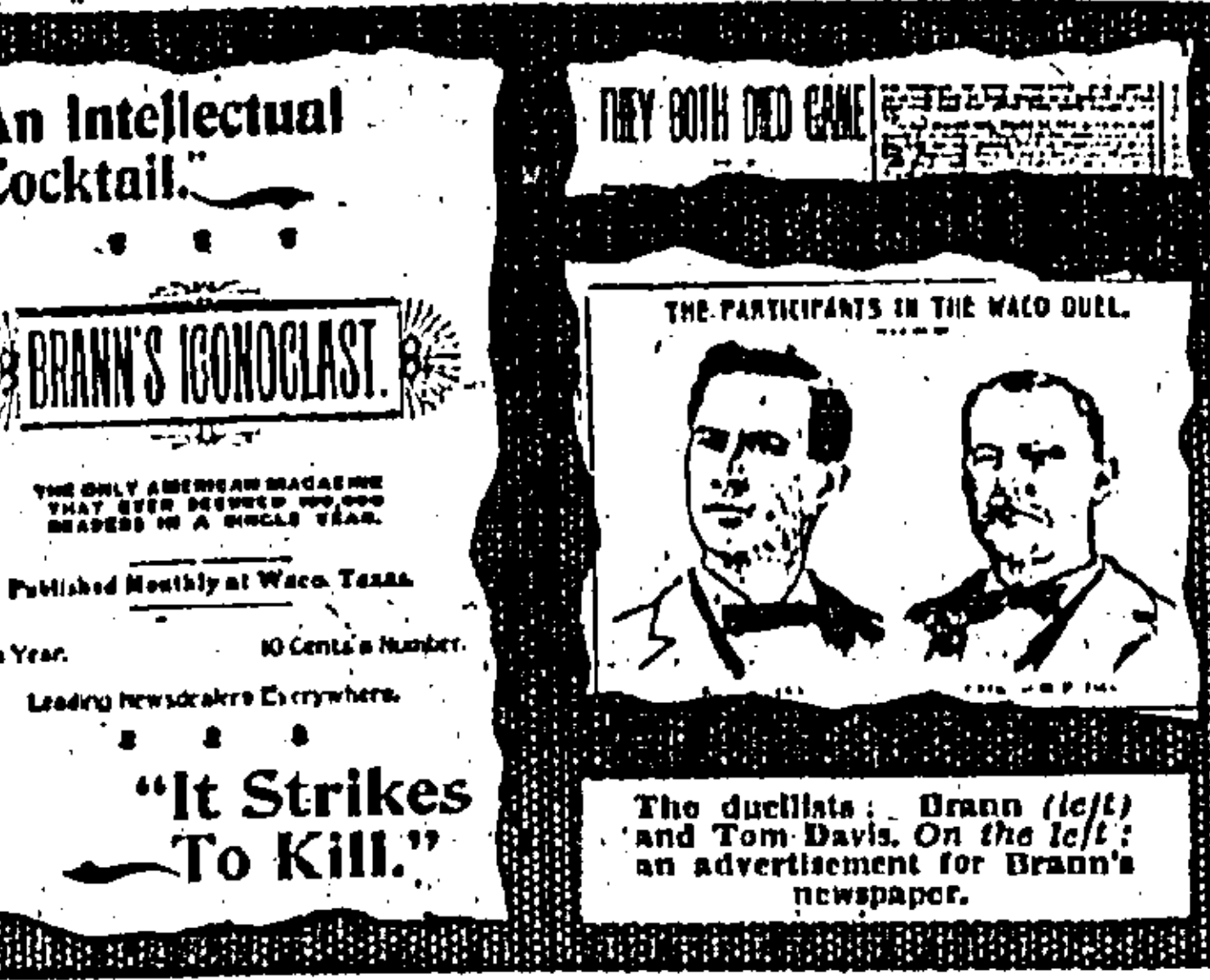
The news broke on a sleepy June Sunday. By midday the town was buzzing—Brann louder than most.

The story was tailor-made for him. Sin in the Midst of Sanctity. He spread it all over the Iconoclast.

The Baptists shrieked back and, unwisely, tried to defend themselves by smearing Antonia. They branded her a thief, a natural bawd, and not even much help in the kitchen.

Brann was incensed with rage. He made Antonia a cause celebre, and dragged the Baptists through deeper mud in every edition.

When the baby was born, he wrote: "The Brazilian girl's 'diploma' from Baylor is a three-pound child."



The baby died. Stein Morris was hanged. The jury couldn't agree, and found him over. But before the next court session, Antonia had been bribed to drop the charge and had left the country.

The sad story had had a long run. Brann might have let it drop then and taken his talents on bigger crusades. But he couldn't let it drop. He did what a lot of people would have liked to do. He got Brann.

In October, 1897, he was kidnapped at pistol point by Baylor students, dragged off with a rope around his shoulders and cruelly beaten.

VICIOUS ATTACK

They screamed to lynch him. "Hang him!" "Stand him up against a wall and shoot him!" But they didn't quite dare.

Four days later Brann was attacked and beaten again—with a heavy cane and a vicious long bullwhip. He was shot in the wrist as he fled for his life. It seemed as if these acts of violence might make Brann falter in his feud.

The November Iconoclast was devoted to a "final" blast. This time he pronounced himself content to "let it go at that."

But somehow he couldn't. In December, he was back sniping. By spring the fight was raging again. Mobs menaced his house. Now famous outside (and infamous within) Texas, Brann was persecuted by friends to go on a lecture tour.

His wife Carrie was delighted. Her life had been a nightmare for months, and she saw the tour as a second honeymoon.

Brann went into town on April 1 to see to last-minute details, while Carrie draped dust covers over the best furniture and explained the household routine to the new hired girl.

She was snapping shut the last suitcase when they brought Brann home. By two o'clock next morning he was dead.

Waco quieted down. The fiery Iconoclast was extinct. Carrie and her children moved back to Oklahoma.

And although Waco still wonders why Tom Davis did it, it really makes no odds. He did what a lot of people would have liked to do. He got Brann.

But why did Brann do it? Why did he almost deliberately get himself killed over an ill-treated Brazilian wait?

It's a sad postscript. Brann's favourite child was his daughter Inez. In 1890, she was 13, and very pretty.

Boys pursued her. They hung about the house.

One day, Brann accused Inez of encouraging them, and of meeting them secretly. She denied it, and he shouted angrily that she was lying.

THE TRAGEDY

They found Inez next afternoon in a hammock behind the house. This note, in her most careful writing was near by:—

"Dear Mama: Tomorrow this time I will be dead. I took all of that morphine. I don't want to live. I could never be as good as you want me to. I was born for a rowdy and you would be ashamed of me. Goodbye till I see you and Papa and Grace in Heaven. Give all my things to Grace."

Brann never got over the tragedy of his pretty Inez, and he blamed himself for her death.

Human guilt takes strange routes. But the pathetic story of Inez makes it easier to see why Brann destroyed his life over the wronged Brazilian girl. In a way he had to. In a way she was his Inez.

THE NEW TOP-LINER

Can you name him?

THE CYRIL STAPLETON COLUMN

WHERE are the pop song stars of the future? The entertainment scene is littered with near-stars, young hopefuls, and has-beens.

But the real article—people of the calibre of Frankie Vaughan, David Whitfield, Ronnie Hilton, Eddie Calvert, and Alma Cogan—just doesn't seem to be forthcoming.

In the two years Tommy Steele has been prancing around in the spotlight no new British star has arrived to offer him serious competition.

Laurie London? The Stamford Hill lad worked a near-miracle in getting "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands" to the top spot in America. Yet this disc failed to create the same feverish interest in Britain. And the London follow-ups have been disappointing from the sales point of view. If this curious vacuum persists, with neither records nor TV, nor even record shows on TV investing new singers with enough glamour to draw thousands of fans to the theatres, then the whole of show business will be facing a big problem.

Steele and the rest will be up there with their hit records and endeavoring for the teenagers when they are old and grey. And Cyril Levins might just as well call it a day.

Now it's like the rising new star. There's a £20 prize for the 25-word postcard which I think gives the best reasons why your favourite up-and-coming recording star will make the top line.

Your choice must be British. Send your entry—remember stamped (2½d.) postcards only—to Cyril Stapleton Competition, 4, Racquet-court, London, E.C.4, by last delivery next Monday.

Whatagirl!

In one of the film shorts that the Show Band made I included a song called "A Smile Can Hide A Million Tears." Composer, according to the sheet music, was David John.

I've just discovered that this was the pen-name of singer Marie Benson. Despite working with the band, she didn't even tell me.

Mary tells me that she has others about to be recorded—one is "Ain't You Got A Home To Go To?" a cockney novelty.

IN SEARCH OF 'KICKS'

ON THE ROAD. By Jack Kerouac. Deutsch, 15s.

THIS wild, unrestrained, anarchic novel hit America hard a year ago.

It is a sort of ecstatic hymn to irresponsibility and craziness. Life is, to use its own terms, "for kicks," and nothing else—do what you want to do, immediately you want to do it and do it hard.

Bop road

This is not a new philosophy, but it is new to these children of a great industrial society, who feel crushed by its weight, rebellious at its authority and yet curiously proud of its hugeness and variety.

So they take as their hero an ex-reform school young man, Dean Moriarty, and where he leads, they follow...to where life is fastest; where girls are to be had, "bop" is to be heard, marijuana is to be smoked, or a road can be taken at 100 m.p.h.

Three times in the book they cross from New York to San Francisco, in cars—hired, borrowed and stolen—hitch-hiking, bussing, scrounging.

And they love—it is this which renews them—every manifestation of vitality they come across, however squallid its source. On the Road is just a record of these three protracted "legs" across the highways of America in the pursuit of "life."

Dean himself spawns four children and abandons three wives and becomes, in the eyes of the narrator, a sort of saint of craziness.

No one drives faster than Dean; no one gets more girls; no cat is so cool; no one else so "gets it" and "keeps it" and "holds it" whatever "it" may be.

Wildly over-written as the book is, stuffed with false poetry and bogus mysticism, it catches us up into the hectic, nerve-wrecked centre of what they call over there "the beat generation."

RICHARD LISTER
(London Express Service)

Bitter Sweet

A GENERATION has passed since Beverly Nichols wrote "Twenty Five Today." The Sweet and Twenties (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.). Mr Nichols has re-captured the gossip and gossip-mongers of an era that is nostalgic to most of us who have passed our half-century. The book is at times flippant, at others frivolous but underlying the raucous stories that flow from the author's pen, is a more serious note.

The foreword is as bitter as quinine and as stringent as acid drops.

But not all, by any means, is gloom, and the story that amused me most was the one of Mr Noel Coward arriving at the pearly gates. All the hosts of heaven are ranged in a semi-circle awaiting the towering steps. Noel strides in, surveys the scene for a moment and then, in the staccato voice so well known to all theatre-goers, says, "Well me, which of you is... God?"

—James Norbury

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



THE SHOAL WATERS HAVE BEEN SAFELY NAVIGATED AND ITS FULL SPEED AHEAD WHEN THE SUMMER ROMANCE STARTS ADDING ONIONS TO HAMBURGERS.



THERE WAS A TIME LIPSTICK WAS A DEAD GIVEAWAY—NOT ANY MORE—A FELLOW MAY HAVE DROPPED IN TO SEE HIS GRANDMOTHER AND GOT THE MARK THERE.



THE FIRST TIME THEY SIGN THEIR NAMES MR AND MRS, IT ISN'T THE OLD SHOE THAT IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY—IT'S THE SHINY NEW LUGGAGE TIED TO IT.



WHEN CHEMISE, SACK, AND TRAPEZE BATHING SUITS APPEAR, IT'S TWO TO ONE THE GIRLS ARE MODELS.



—AND WHEN A GAL REMEMBERS THE ACTORS IN THOSE OLD, OLD LATE, LATE MOVIES, IT'S JUST LIKE TELLING THE WORLD THAT SHE'S NO SPRING CHICKEN.



WHEN AN ELIGIBLE BACHELOR SHOWS UP IN A BATHING SUIT WITH A TOP, IT'S A CATCH HE DRIVES A CAR WITH A RUMBLE SEAT.



IT'S A BAD SIGN WHEN A MAN DUCKS EVERY TIME A WIFE RAISES HER HAND—SHE MAY BE ONLY FIXING HER HAIR.



"HOW DID YOU KNOW I PLAY BASKETBALL?"

IT'S NO SECRET.

Dead Giveaways

By Harry Weinert



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



A PAIR OF FUNNY-FACES



Here are a pair of natural clowns which have no big mouths to smile with. The one on the left is just about the biggest stuffed toy in the store—big enough to ride on, as you can see. It is a stuffed version of a brontosaurus, one of the reptiles which lived ages and ages ago. In the toy version it is seven feet tall. You'll find almost the same expression on the face of the porpoise at right. Filippy, who does his marine act wearing a bow tie, was photographed at Marineland, Fla.

Chris And The Spiders

—They Gave Him A Beautiful Gift—

By MAX TRELL

"I DON'T suppose any of you will believe this," Christopher Cricket remarked as he sat himself down.

Knarf and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hlawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian, all gathered around.

"Christopher Cricket had an adventure!" exclaimed Hanid. Mr. Punch heard this and came over, too.

Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, called out: "Christopher's got a wonderful story to tell. Come over, everybody!"

At this, Mr. Cuckoo flew down from the clock and joined the group.

Everyone Was Shouting

By this time, everyone was shouting about the wonderful story Christopher Cricket was about to tell. The group was joined by Mary Jane, the Rag Doll, Whom, the Hobby Horse, Thunder and Lightning, the two Salamanders, Picki Poo, the Poodle, General Tin, the Tin Soldier, and the Cat.

In addition, the two Goldfish crowded against the glass of their aquarium and listened. The Canary stood with his head pushed against the bars of his cage, listening. And a couple of Sparrows, who lived in a hole under the roof of the garage, flew over to the window sill and listened.

Better Be Good

"This had better be a good story," Mr. Punch said to Christopher Cricket.

Christopher just sat and smiled.

"Go ahead and tell us," urged Knarf.

"Everybody's listening," said Christopher Cricket, as he looked at the faces of his friends around him. "I hope the story I'm going to tell is as good as I think it is."

"Then Christopher Cricket began: 'Now last night, just after the moon came up, I took my bunny. I was starting out of the back door of the house when I heard someone saying: 'Oh, if we could only have music while we wait!'"

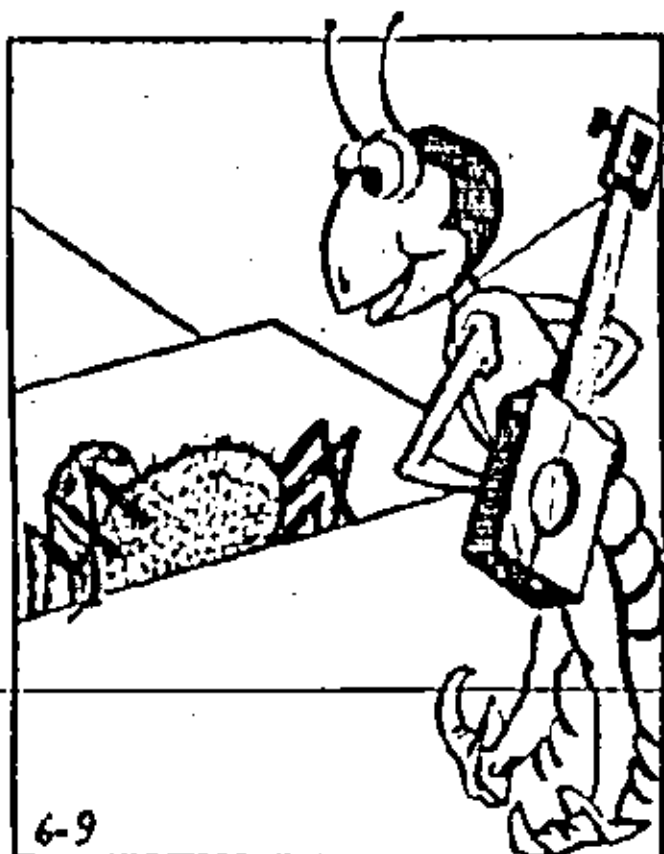
"Well," Christopher went on, "there's nothing that pleases me more than to hear someone say that he wants to hear music. There is nothing that I'd rather do than bring music to folks who want to hear it."

Down The Steps

"So I looked around to see who was talking. All I could see was a spider disappearing down the cellar steps."

"Ugh, I hate spiders," said Hanid.

"So do I," said Mary Jane. "I know," said Christopher Cricket. "Lots of people hate spiders. But they're not nearly as bad as you think. At any rate, I was sure that it was the spider who had wanted to hear my music."



Chris saw a Spider disappear down the cellar steps.

"I didn't waste any time. I went right down the cellar steps after her. And what a sight I saw! There, under the steps, was an Old Lady Spider sitting around her—just the way you are all sitting around me now."

"The Old Lady Spider was wearing horn-rimmed eyeglasses. She was teaching the young Spiders how to knit. All of them had knitting needles."

"What were they knitting?" asked Knarf.

"They were knitting everything that spiders wear," said Christopher Cricket, "such as socks and sweaters and shirts and dresses—but especially nets."

"What did they need nets for?" asked Teddy, the Stuffed Bear.

"To catch flies with," said Christopher. "So I sat down among them and played songs for them until the moon went down and the sun rose. And the Old Lady Spider thanked me and gave me this."

Christopher Cricket reached into his pocket and took out a beautiful pair of socks.

"They're for wearing on very cold nights when I sit under a fence and make music."

"Everyone agreed that Christopher Cricket's story was worth listening to. And they all believed it!"

Rupert and Floppity—25



Deciding to try Rupert's new idea, Floppity turns towards his home. Floppity needs no urging to go in the right direction and is soon pulling so hard that he again drags the lead out of Rupert's hands and dashes forward, arriving at Floppity's house far ahead of me."

HOW TO AMAZE YOUR

DO REY ME DO! GROW PENCIL GROW.

VIPES! IT'S LONGER THAN THE BOX! HOW COME?

HERE'S HOW COME! MAKE A HOLE IN BOTH ENDS OF A SMALL MATCH BOX JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR A PENCIL.

FIND A PENCIL STUB THAT WILL FIT IN THE BOX.

2. LOAD YOUR BOX WITH THE PENCIL STUB AND A FULL LENGTH PENCIL LIKE THIS. (BOTH PENCILS SHOULD BE THE SAME SHAPE, COLOR AND BE SHARPENED THE SAME WAY.)

3. PUT THE BOX TOP BACK ON AND HOLD THE BOX LIKE THIS WITH END OF LONG PENCIL UP YOUR SLEEVE...

LET A PAL PULL OUT STUB TO SEE IT. THEN RETURN IT ALL THE WAY INTO THE BOX. NOW YOU PUSH THE LONG PENCIL DOWN THROUGH HOLE. ASK YOUR PAL TO PULL IT ALL THE WAY OUT.

DIFFERENCE

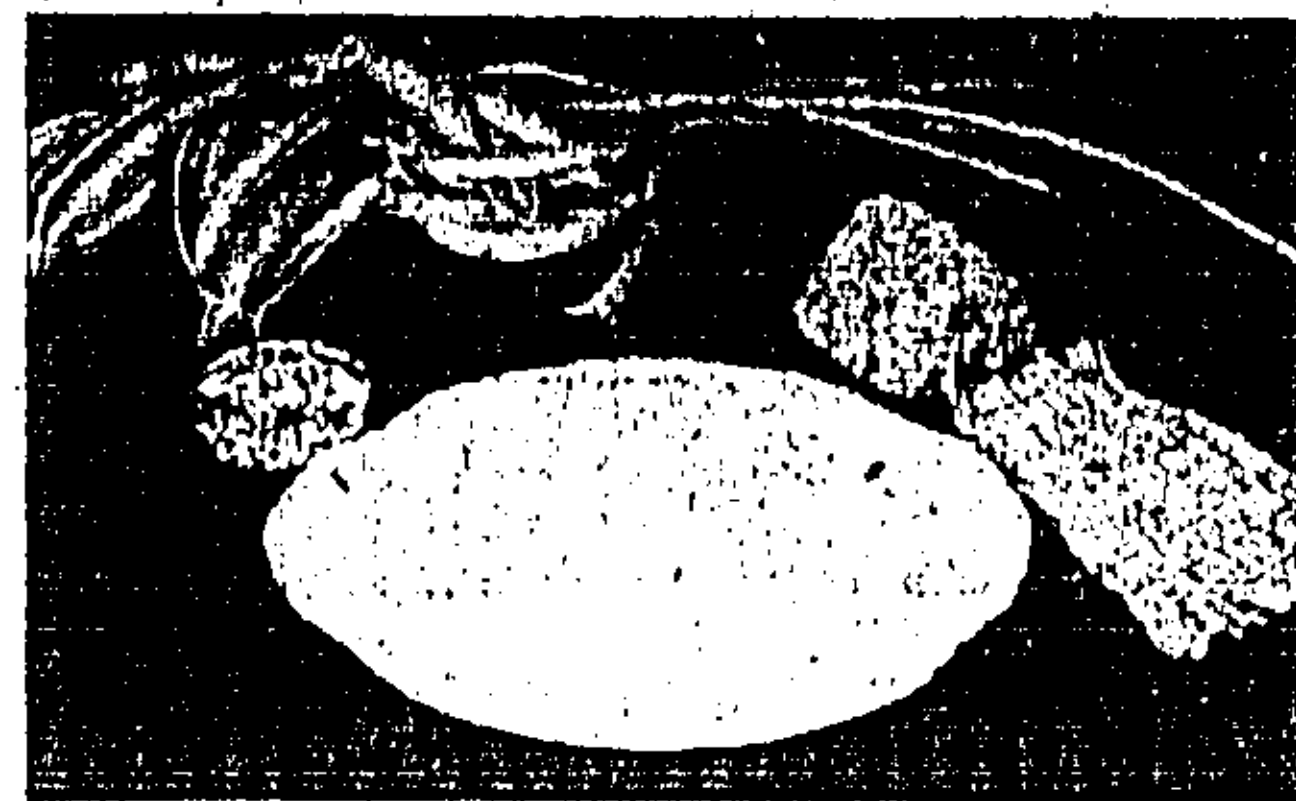
Teacher: "Alfred, what is the difference between a dog and a flea?"

Alfred: "Guess it's that a dog can have fleas, but a flea can't have dogs."

Handicraft Hobby

FRIENDS who come and gasp with delight over the rich sheen of the golden native scene, pictured at right, would be astonished if they knew it was made with dried flower pods, an old meat platter, some cement and sawdust, some wallpaper waste and rug yarn or heavy twine. Yes, that is exactly what went into the making of this gorgeous decoration which adorns an antique chest and which brightens up the whole room. You can see them in the photo on the right.

We picked the dry pods and let them dry out in the house. We got the sawdust in a home workshop and got the 3 cups of cement from a neighbour who was building a house. Any heavy twine or rug yarn will do. The sawdust hut was made in less than five minutes



but it took nearly a week to dry. We arranged the pods in a glass frog to get the stems cut off, discarded the glass frog and made one right in one end of platter by making the mixture very firm, piling it up and putting the stems in when it was fairly set at just the right angles and taking them out until the cement set firm.

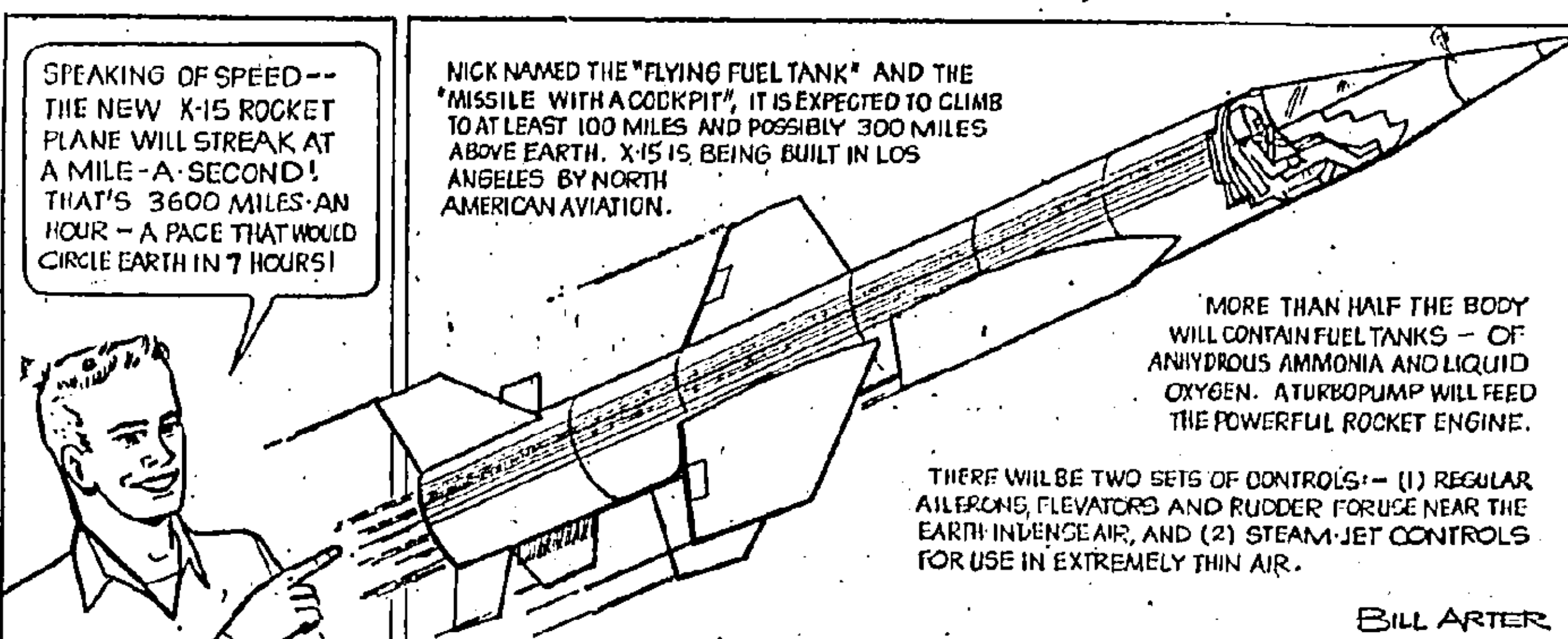
You can use any pods and any type of pagoda or hut. A ceramic one is best. We have a little pagoda that we use occasionally but the native hut we made from sawdust and gilded we love best and it carries out the Oriental richness and effect perfectly. To make the native hut, mix up about a pint of wallpaper paste for papering. Mix



sawdust with it until you have a pliable mass that can be moulded into any shape with the hands. Mould a small hut with peaked roof, then punch in a door and windows. Measure a stout piece of cloth for overhanging roof and lay heavy twine or rug yarn lengthwise and sew every inch or so on the sewing machine.

—GERTRUDE SPRINGER

X-15 To Go Mile A Second



SPEAKING OF SPEED—THE NEW X-15 ROCKET PLANE WILL STREAK AT A MILE-A-SECOND! THAT'S 3600 MILES AN HOUR—A PACE THAT WOULD CIRCLE EARTH IN 7 HOURS!

NICK NAMED THE "FLYING FUEL TANK" AND THE "MISSILE WITH A COCKPIT". IT IS EXPECTED TO CLIMB TO AT LEAST 100 MILES AND POSSIBLY 300 MILES ABOVE EARTH. X-15 IS BEING BUILT IN LOS ANGELES BY NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION.

MORE THAN HALF THE BODY WILL CONTAIN FUEL TANKS—OF ANHYDROUS AMMONIA AND LIQUID OXYGEN. A TURBOPUMP WILL FEED THE POWERFUL ROCKET ENGINE.

THERE WILL BE TWO SETS OF CONTROLS: (1) REGULAR AIRLIFT, ELEVATORS AND RUDDER FOR USE NEAR THE EARTH SURFACE, AND (2) STEAM-JET CONTROLS FOR USE IN EXTREMELY THIN AIR.

BILL ARTER

Verse To Brighten Your Day

WHY?

A bright-eyed little mouse
Hes come to live in my house.
Now why should she
Wish to live with me
When I'm afraid of her
And she's afraid of me?

—GRACE SHAVER

WORD DISCORD

Why, when words look alike
Won't they rhyme when we
read them?

And why aren't there rules
To help out when you need
them?

Look at flower and mower,
And great, heat and sweat,
And just try to rhyme treat
With its sister word throat.
There are blood, hood and mood,
Stew and sew, to confuse us.
Just guess old Noah Webster
Thought them up to amuse us.

—ETTA F. GILBERT

LITTLE CAT BUTCH

Little cat Butch
Is a tiger kitten.
His front foot looks
Like a yellow mitten,
And his tail is long,
And he's sleek as can be,
And oh, how I wish
He belonged to me!
But he just belongs
To himself and his mother

And he doesn't care
For any other.

—Solveig Paulson Russell
BEST FRIENDS

You'll have the truest friends
indeed,
If you have books you like to
read.

For books will last, and long
remain
Good friends who teach—and
entertain.

—KAY CAMMER

Games To Play While Swimming

If you and your gang want to have a good time at a popular swimming beach try these stunts—they're fun.

1. Walk along the beach and watch for men bathers. The first player to see a man wearing bathing trunks and smoking a cigar gets five points. A man with bathing trunks and

bat counts 10 points. Bathing trunks, hat and shoes, 15 points. A man in bathing trunks and smoking a cigar, 25 points. Bathing SUIT, shoes and socks, 100 points.

to towel until they reach the goal line, then back in the same fashion to the starting line. The player finishing first, wins the prize.

But in all cases, be considerate when you play games at a swimming place. Don't be too loud or interfere with the fun or relaxation others are enjoying.

CLOCK LORE

AMERICANS are clock-conscious. Even in colonial days there was a clockmaker in every good-sized community.

But it was not until 1883 that the United States and Canada adopted the four time-zones known as Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific, and decided to get together once and for all on the matter of telling time. Until then, many communities in a single area often had their clocks set at different times.

But who was to say just what accurate time is?

Scientists have known for a long time that the turning of the earth is the most accurate means of measuring time that man knows of. If they fixed on a certain star and noted the time when they passed directly under it each night, the time would mark the passage of a 24-hour day.

At first this stargazing was done with a telescope pointed straight into the sky. Just before time for observation, the astronomer would lie on his back and peer through the telescope.

On the sky, he would see a fine line which was a hair stretched across the centre of the telescope's end. As the earth revolved, the designated star would appear and slowly move across his field of vision. When it was directly on the line, he pushed a button which recorded the exact time. Then this was repeated the following night.

Today a camera replaces the human eye. In Washington, D.C., astronomers at the United States Naval Observatory compare the star time with the average time of the seven master clocks at the observatory.

They take photographs of the star at 45 seconds and 15 seconds before the clocks say the star is due to cross the line, and at 15 and 45 seconds after.

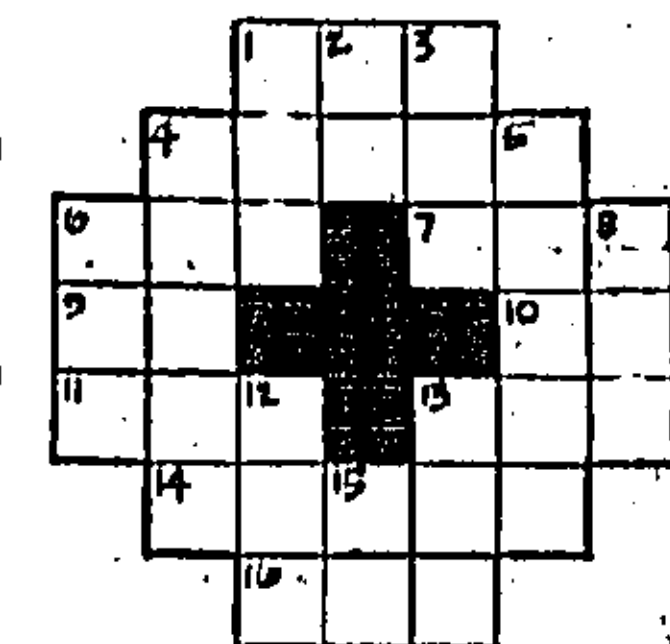
If there is the slightest fraction of difference, they correct their radio time signals, which are sent out every two hours.

Clocks and watches are so numerous today that we are scarcely ever out of earshot of their ticking, but the earth is still our largest and most accurate timekeeper.

—MABEL SLACK SHELTON

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

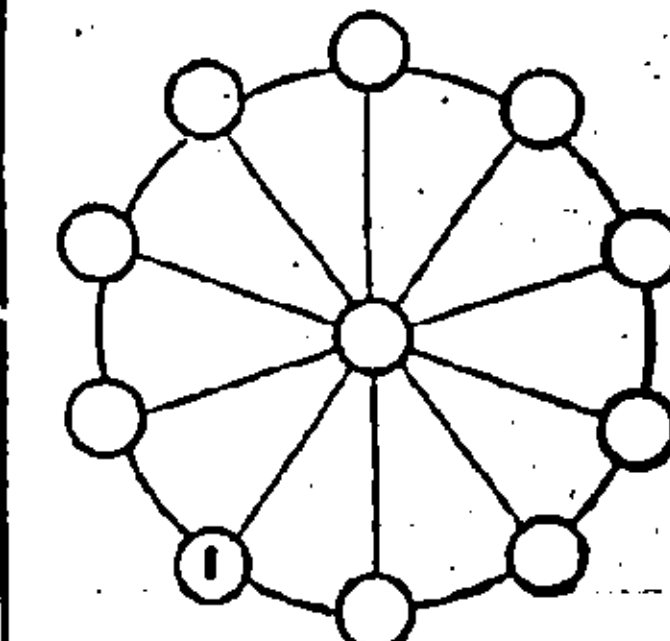
- This is a month
- Giver
- Head covering
- Favourite animal
- Either
- Father
- Animal's home
- Number
- Calyx leaf
- Point

DOWN

- Jump on one foot
- Preposition
- Spinning toy
- Ventures
- Drive off
- Food fish
- Light brown
- Used to catch fish
- Faucet
- Mixed type

FERRIS WHEEL

Can you put the first 11 numbers in the 11 circles in this Ferris wheel so that every three numbers in a straight line adds up to 18? Puzzle Pete has put a number in to start you off:



SCRAMBLEGRAMS

Scramble "a weight allowance" and have "a scale," again and have "a drop of eye fluid." Scramble "to clog" and have "dines," scramble and have "afternoon social events"; scramble and have "a chair"; once more and have "a bristle." (Solutions on Page 20).

PARTY FUN

TRY this for a good laugh at your next party. Get your friends to talking about swimming and then ask what is the longest time each of them has been able to keep his or her head under water. When they have finished talking, announce calmly that you can keep your own head under water three minutes longer than any of them!

When they challenge you, don't back down. Prove your statement! Here's how! Get a pail of water from the kitchen. Bring it in and set it on a table. Now climb under the table and sit with your head under the water.

Maybe you'd better have the back door open and ready for a quick exit.

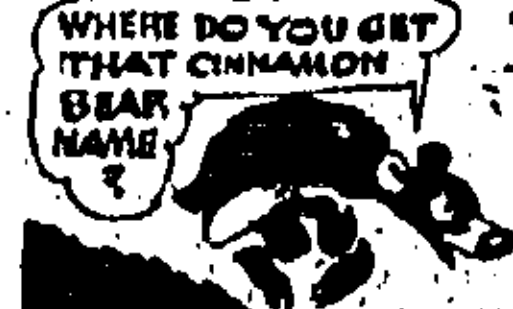
4000'S WHO



A WHITE ELEPHANT IS NOT WHITE, BUT GENERALLY A PALE YELLOWISH GRAY WITH PINK SPOTS.



THE TITMOUSE FAMILY INCLUDES THE TITMICE, THE CHICKADEES, THE BUSTARDS AND THE VERDINS.



THE CINNAMON BEAR IS NOT A SEPARATE SPECIES OF BEAR. IT IS MERELY A DARK CHESTNUT COLORED PHASE OF THE COMMON BLACK BEAR.

ROUND-UP

DIARY — 800 FEET LONG

CAPTAIN Mike Banks, Royal Marines who led the joint Services expedition to Mount Rakaposhi, Himalayas, has returned home with a 800-foot-long diary. He used eight spools of tape, each 100 feet long. The 25,550-ft. high peak which the expedition scaled had been attempted six times previously. Once before by Captain Banks. The expedition was undertaken in the leave periods of the British Forces members. Some extra leave was granted. Accounts have been sent to the British Service chiefs and Captain Banks has reported personally to Field Marshal Templer. In addition to two Pakistani officers there were seven British officers, one Pakistani surveyor, six high altitude porters and a detachment of three from the Pakistan Army.

SEAFORD'S "PAINTED LADY"

D. E. J. Boyd, has just given a "face-lift" to Seaford's "Painted Lady" — sole survivor of a shipwreck in 1899. In that year the Danish vessel Peruvian was wrecked off Seaford, Sussex, and her figurehead was kept by the town as a souvenir. The "Painted Lady" has been on show for years in a local recreation ground, but constant exposure to all kinds of weather had made a rather sorry sight of her. Now she has been restored by Dr Boyd, helped by a retired naval officer, Commander W. G. Jack, and council workmen.

£250 FOR SUGGESTIONS

SINCE the British Road Services staff suggestion scheme was introduced in February, some 400 suggestions have already been submitted, the British Transport Commission announced. More than £250 has already been paid in awards in respect of 62 suggestions, and about 100 are currently under investigation. Twenty-one clerks have shared £104; thirteen drivers have shared £75; six chargehands and foremen have shared £37; five fitters have shared £23 and two checkers have shared £14.

BIRD WATCHERS

FOUR Scarborough, Yorkshire, young men who have spent the summer protecting birds in the Farne Island group off the Northumberland coast, are to follow on bicycles when the birds migrate to the Cape of Good Hope at the end of the month. They are David, 24, and Bob Lazenby, 23, Ian Gatwood, 20, and Maurice Hunter, 23. They have been working at the island bird sanctuary protecting the birds and grey seals since May. During the winter they work for the Forestry Commission.

BEDSIDE LAMPS

THE Queen's Guard at St James' Palace in London are having their guardroom transformed. Twenty guardmen do the duty. Brigade Major of the Household Brigade, M. J. P. O'Cook, says that the guardroom is being redecorated in bright colours. Better cooking facilities are being provided. There are to be bedside lamps. The alterations will take three months. During that time the detachment will march to the Palace every day from Wellington Barracks where they have temporary quarters.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

False-Card Is Automatic Play

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand illustrates an automatic false-card situation.

South wins the opening club lead with dummy's ace and leads the five of spades. East plays the four and South the Jack.

Suppose West drops the deuce. At this point South has no play except to lay down the ace. This play drops East's king and South loses no trump trick.

West should play the nine or the ten. Suppose he plays the nine. Then let South plan the rest of his play. He can still lay down the ace and come out all

NORTH 28			
♦ Q 6 5			
♥ K Q 6			
♠ K 9 8 4			
♣ A 7 3			
WEST			
♦ 10 9 2			
♥ 8 5 3			
♠ Q 6 5			
♣ K Q J 4			
EAST			
♦ K 4			
♥ 10 7 2			
♠ J 10 7			
♣ 10 9 8 2			
SOUTH (D)			
♦ A J 8 7 3			
♥ A J 4			
♠ A 3 2			
♣ 10 5			
No one vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
2 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		
Opening lead — ♠ K			

right, but he will probably go back to dummy and lead the queen. Now West will make a trump trick.

Is South silly to fall for this play? Not at all!

South can't duck into his opponent's hands. He may suspect a false-card, but he can't be sure of it. After all, if you are dealt a singleton nine you must play it; if you are dealt nine-ten you must play one of them.

In either of those cases South will gain a trick by the queen play. Finally, there is a really good reason for South to go wrong. He must lose two tricks outside the spade suit. The queen play will hold the maximum spade loss to one trick. His contract in four spades and he must play spade to make it.

♥-CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
East South West North
1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass Double
Pass 4 ♠ Pass Pass
2 ♠ ?

You, South, hold:
♠ K 6 5 ♥ K 8 2 ♦ Q 9 4 ♣ 8 7
What do you do?
A—Bid two hearts. You have enough strength to compete.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Your partner raises your two-heart bid to three. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

Plaque For Highlanders

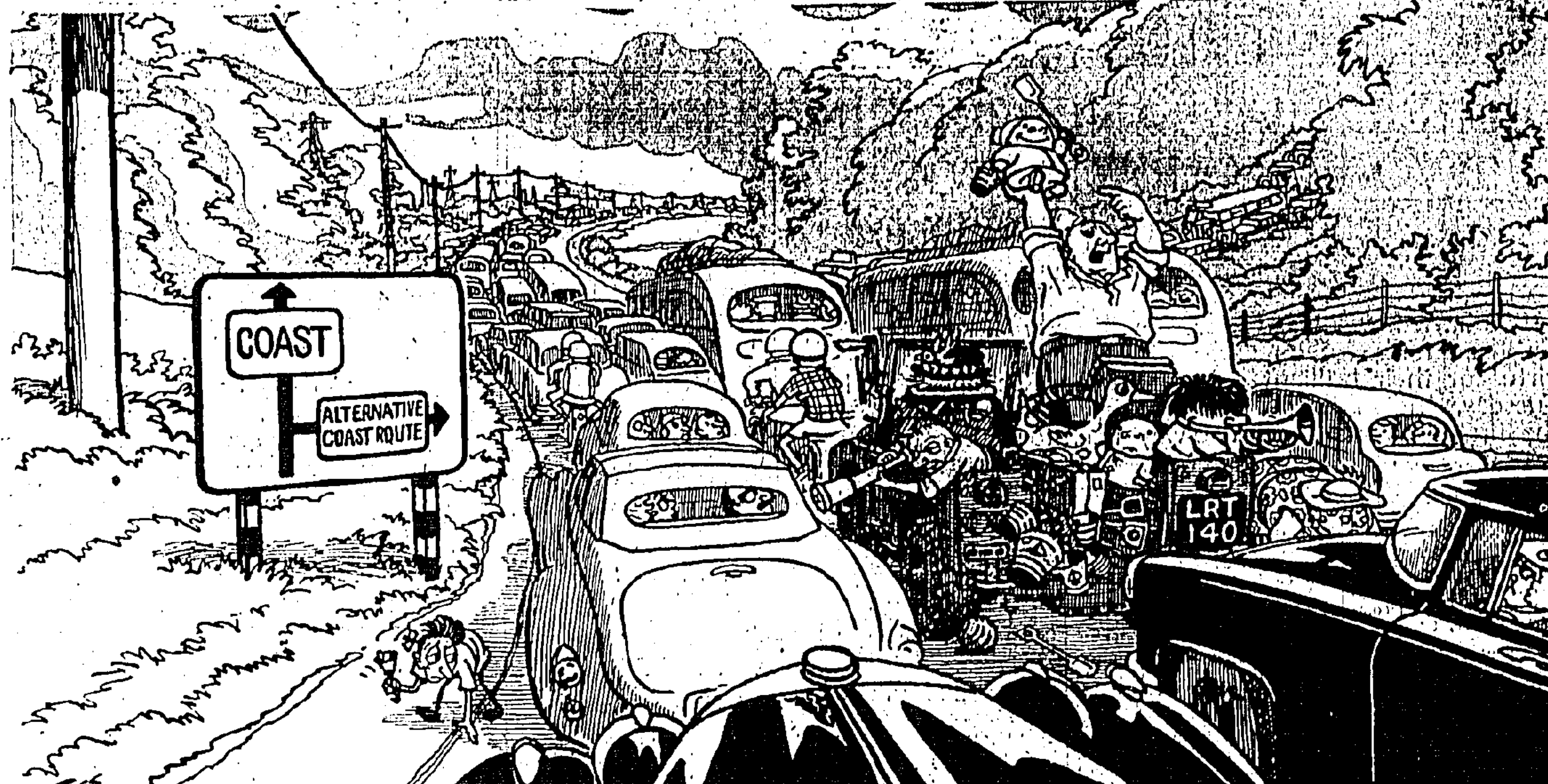
THE Gordon Highlanders, stationed at Dover have been presented with a plaque by Dover Football Club Supporters' Association to mark the regiment's sportsmanship. The regiment has taken part in many sporting fixtures. The plaque was carved by Police-Sergeant Robert Forsythe.

Beating "Road Jams"

The most extensive "beat the traffic jams" operation yet undertaken is being carried out by the Automobile Association during the three days of the August Bank Holiday weekend. Every available road patrol is to be on duty and the Association's radio network fully manned. Survey flights over trouble spots are being made by spotter aircraft.

They Are Warned

NEW road signs at St Albans, Hertfordshire, read: "Don't drink here, please don't join them" and "Roman remains here, don't leave yours."



"Anybody seen one that matches this one? Escaped half an hour ago."

THIS PUNCHED TAPE CARRIES IN CODE THE OUTLINE OF A STEEL PLATE ON A SHIP'S HULL. ELECTRONIC IMPULSES WILL CARRY THIS INFORMATION TO A FLAME CUTTER. A PRESS-OF-A-BUTTON-WILL-DO-THE-REST.

Germany got in first—now we have gone one better!

ELECTRONICS are moving into British industry. Scientists are giving substance to the dream of industrial fiction—the automatic, all-seeing, all-knowing, constantly-checking gadgetry which will take the human mistakes and the drudgery out of industry.

This is the story of one such dream, which begins, and ends, in Britain's shipyards.

Before the war, the steel plates which comprised the hulls of the vessels sliding down the launching ramps were cut—

all are cut—by very hot flames, burning oxygen. A considerable programme of preliminary work preceded the cutting. It took time, and any-where along the line mistakes could occur.

During the war, German shipyards began cutting steel plates by a new process. They used a complete map of the cutting operation, photographed it, then reduced the negative to 1,000th size of the full-scale original.

Up in the rafters of the cutting room they fitted a projector, into which the slide fitted. All outside light was masked out, and at the pulling of a switch a "picture" was thrown on to the metal plate about to be cut. By marking the plate along the lines projected from above, the Germans gained both speed and accuracy.

In 1953, the British Oxygen Company, convinced that they could improve the work of their steel cutters in British shipyards, sent an investigating team overseas to check the latest advances. Back came the delegation with reports of the "optical method."

At Edmonstone in 1956, a group of 15 research scientists went into a huddle on behalf of B.O.C. and the discussions came a plan, then a blueprint. Finally, in October 1957 a shiny prototype was unveiled.

A few weeks afterwards, a new survey team set out to run a pile of requirements at British shipyards. "What are your needs?" asked the investigators. Britain's shipbuilders told them. The final report went back to Edmonstone.

Since then, keeping their eye on the numerous transfer stages as been developing a full-size

machine based on the prototype to meet standards requirements. B.O.C. hope to have their first practical working model for sale in the autumn of next year.

A 'brain'

The new wonder, nestling under the grim title of "computer controlled flame profiling machine," is a streamlined answer to the German technique. In one revolutionary move it does away with all the photographic and optical processes of the old system, reduces the possibility of mistakes, cuts costs and gives extreme accuracy.

To operate it, one man has only to push a button. Then sit back and watch the results of his not-very-simultaneous operation. Electronics do the rest.

What the scientists have achieved is a harnessing of the Perrini computer system—originally designed for machine tool control—to their existing flame cutting equipment. They have given the oxygen flame cutter a "brain."

Basically, the naval architect's plans, instead of passing through the numerous transfer stages as is done now, are translated into

mathematical data giving co-ordinate points and lines of movement which the cutter must make to correspond with the pattern.

Cuts fast

This data is then coded on punched tape. The tape is fed into the computer, which adds certain essential timing information, and produces a new tape with all the necessary information recorded on it in terms of electronic impulses.

This is fed into a recording machine called a control console. All is now ready. The "brain" has been given its instructions.

The operator pushes a button, and the flame cutter, guided by instructions in the console, begins its journey through the half-inch thick steel plate at a rate of 24 inches a minute.

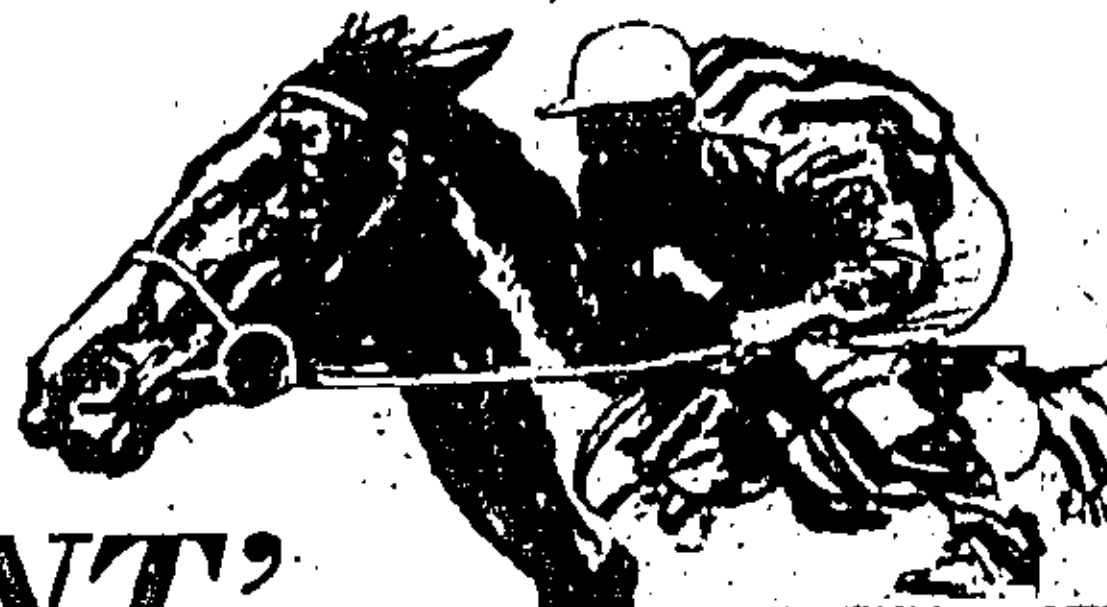
Prior and starboard plates are done at the same time. Mistakes are checked by a "magic eye" which watches the flame. This photo-electric cell checks the flame against the instructions. Any variance stops the process.

John Castle

London Express Service

TODAY: HOW TO 'PLANT' A WINNER

THE RAE JOHNSTONE STORY... Chapter 7



Top jockey Rae Johnstone continues the as-I-knew-it story of his racing years, now revealing a remarkable coup which he pulled off in 1949....

DRIVING back from Tremblay with owner Frank Vogel one afternoon in September 1948, I asked him "Did you notice the one 'Jacko' rode in the last?"

"No," replied Frank, "can't say I did." But he went on to explain that he had backed the 6-4 chance trained by Pollet in the race—to "get out"—and he hadn't noticed much else except the fact that, thankfully it had won.

The conversation ended about there. Nine days later, I rode in the Prix de la Marche at Maisons, and this colt who had caught my eye at Tremblay was in the race. I won, and I did not get all that good a view of the other one. So I more or less forgot about him until a meeting at St Cloud the next month, before which Frank said: "That thing you liked at Tremblay, Eureka—he's in a seller today."

THE PLAN
So I pressed him to claim the horse. "Oh, I don't know," said Frank unenthusiastically. But just before we walked in from the car park he asked: "How much do you think I ought to put in a claim for?"

I figured about 500,000 francs which was approximately £500 at that time. In fact he put one in for 400,000 and got him. So Eureka did not run in the "seller" because in France horses entered in their races can be claimed beforehand and then they don't run. Now he'd got the horse, Frank inquired what I planned for him to do with him. So I

related an idea I'd had for some time. Which was that a fair sort of youngster in the Paris region could be sent down to Marseilles to be trained and to winter in the less severe climate and then be sent over as a three-year-old to win an English "seller." Even if he collected any form at Marseilles nobody would take any notice of it anyway.

During the war I'd met a trainer there, Marius Tuche, who talked in the hard-to-understand local tongue of a character in a Jean Gabin waterfront film. He obviously knew his job.

THRIVING

So Eureka set out on his journey to England by getting on a train which took him in the opposite direction.

Marius reported in due course that he liked the horse, and that he was thriving in the local air. So on November 7, ridden by the trainer's brother Louis, he had his first run on the local track and won a little six-furlong race worth £65. Exactly a fortnight later he reappeared and repeated the performance over a mile. That

was his last outing of the season. At the outset of 1949, I went down with Frank to see him and he'd really grown into a nice looking horse.

TO ENGLAND

So Eureka was sent on the next stage of his journey to Frank's trainer at Maisons, Alec Head. And thence to England where, it so happened, another French horse (or filly to be precise), Bonne Auberge, was to make her first English appearance in the same "seller" as Eureka, and where she was to carry a big commission. So that with Tommy Curry putting his money down also on his representative in the Banstead Selling Plate, La Belle Mazarin, there was a very fair market.

Frank gave his bet to a book-maker to place and when the paddock critics appraised the contents of the parade ring there were few who looked beyond Eureka. So that the "return" was as follows: 7-4 Eureka, 11-4 Bonne Auberge, 4-1 La Belle Mazarin, 10-1 Lebonno, 100-9 Silver Bloom,

100-7 American Loan, 20-1 Pippinella, and 25-1 others. Fifteen ran.

I am reliably informed, as they say (though the report may have been somewhat imaginatively embroidered), that once Eureka's owner had observed his property taking up the running seven furlongs from home in the 1 mile and 110 yards "contest," he thenceforth found the strain of personal observation too great to bear and, averting his head, relied upon a friend's description, punctuating the commentary every 200 yards or so with "How far has he got to go now?"

DREAM WIN

In fact, Eureka was scarcely out of a canter throughout to win easing up by four lengths. A dream ride. But that was the last Frank Vogel saw of his horse!

For a selling-plate winner never previously evoked such spirited competition at a subsequent auction. Reported in the papers to have been among the ring-side competitors were Lord Rosebery, Stanley Woolton, Harold Wallington, "Savoy" Parker. But Mrs Camille Evans outstayed everybody.

I came out of the weighing-room to watch a white-gloved finger flicking the price up to 2,000 guineas before the St Cloud "claim" was knocked down to the intrepid lady owner.

NEXT WEEK

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Week-End Lawn Bowls

RECREIO "A" AND IRC IN TWO-WAY RACE FOR FIRST DIVISION TITLE

By ROBERT TAY

The 1958 lawn bowls league season will after all have thrilling finishes in two of its three divisions. By virtue of their brilliant 4-1 win over Recreio "A" last Tuesday, Indian Recreation Club have made the race for the first division title a two-way neck-to-neck affair.

Although Recreio "A" are still at the top of the league table with 40 points, they have only two matches to go. The Indians on the other hand with 46 points to their credit can look forward to three more matches and are in a better position in that they can build up a possible total of 61 points as compared to their rivals' 59.

The Portuguese Club's remaining opponents are KCC (to be played today at Recreio) and KBCG (home) while those of the Indians are KBCG (to be played today at Austin Road), Recreio "B" (home) and CCC "A" (away).

Odds Even

Considering the opposition they still have to face, the odds of the two teams in winning the championship are about even as there is every possibility of their dropping further points in their remaining games.

For both teams today's matches will be crucial affairs, in which every point will count.

Of the two, Recreio "A" have the tougher opposition in Kowloon Cricket Club and may possibly drop one point. The Indians are up against the unpredictable Kowloon Bowling Green Club and will undoubtedly go all out for the maximum points which are well within their reach.

The second division league sees another two-way race for the title between Filipino Club "B" and Indian Recreation Club. The Indians picked up five points during the week from Kowloon Cricket Club, and are now only one point behind the Filipinos in the same number of 14 matches played.

Deciding Game

The deciding game will probably be the postponed match between the two teams themselves unless in their other three matches either team are capable of stretching their lead to make the decider immaterial.

This afternoon the advantage will be with the Filipino Club "B" as they will have lowly-placed Police Recreation Club as their opponents. However, they would do well to remember that the policemen scored a resounding 4-1 triumph over Recreio during the week.

The Indians will be at home to Recreio and although I do not think they could lose, I feel that it is going to be extremely difficult for them to collect full points.

Open Championships

Tomorrow interest will be centred on the Colony Open Championship matches.

At Hongkong Cricket Club starting at 4 p.m. the first round of the ladies' events will be staged between Craigengower's Mrs S. Silva, Mrs I. Souza and

Mrs H. Kwong and Kowloon Bowling Green Club's Mrs S. Blechro, Mrs D. McKittrick and Mrs J. Rounsell.

Starting at the same time at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club will be the two semi-final matches of the Men's Open Rinks event.

Experience v. Youth

The two Recreio combinations of J. M. Gutierrez, H. A. Ozorio, S. E. Souza and C. E. Passos and L. M. Remedios V. A. Siqueira, A. M. Baptista and A. A. Lopes have been rather unfortunate in having been drawn against each other. This will in the main be a match between youth and experience.

Both Baptista and Lopes have been playing extremely well lately and are in my opinion likely to pull through.

The other semi-final will see another close match between Talkoo's J. S. Skeff, G. Stark, J. B. Baxter, and R. B. Marshall and KCC's D. C. Symons, A. M. Alves, F. H. Kermani and J. S. Landolt.

On paper the KCC four are the stronger combination but on the field the more impressive and exciting match will be the one in which they may well be at the tail-end of the final score.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. In which game do you (a) play a frame and (b) score a break?
2. What have these sportsmen in common: Tom Robinson, Murray Halberg, Geoffrey Elliott and Dave Power?
3. "Fourteen" indicates which golf rule?
4. Can a batsman be caught out over the boundary?
5. In which sport may you shoot at goal only from inside the "circle"?
6. A crown of laurels was an award in ancient sporting times. What is the modern equivalent?
7. With which sports do you associate the following: Ted Sioane, the Nawab of Patnauli, John Surtees and Milkhin Singh?
8. George Carpentier was world heavyweight boxing champion. True or false?
9. For which club did Stanley Matthews play before joining Blackpool?
10. "A professional boxer for eighteen years... lost eight bouts in 224... won a world title 14 years ago... fights the current world champion at that weight in September." What is the name?

(Answers on Page 19)

Hogan Bassey Takes On Willie Pep On September 20

When Hogan Kid Bassey was a ten-year-old schoolboy in the little town of Calabar, Nigeria, a gentleman by the name of William Papaleo was depriving a Mr Chalky Wright of the featherweight championship of the world. Kid Bassey had never heard of Papaleo then. But he knows all about him now. For on September 20 the young Nigerian and the veteran American meet at Boston—in the ring.

Bassey, a wild featherweight champion, will have a 10-round, 10-minute fight against a man who won the same title sixteen years ago and regained it five times.

Bassey, who has lost nine and drawn two of his 68 professional fights, will be meeting a man who has lost fewer than nine fights in 224.

The phenomenal Papaleo is better known in the cauliflower trade as Willie Pep, the witty, wiry fighter from Hartford, Connecticut.

Great Record

For ten years Pep remained in the top flight of the world feather-weight division. His series of world title battles with dusky Sandy Saddler

provided one of the most colourful chapters in fight history.

Pep men have bettered his great record in the ring, and his record is all the more remarkable in view of the setbacks he has suffered.

In 1947 he sustained two chipped and split vertebrae and a fractured leg in an air crash. But this only kept the new-ly-die Pep out of business for five months.

Then, in 1948, when losing the world title to Saddler, for the first time he dislocated his left shoulder. That injury has often troubled him and now the medical authorities have banned him from fighting in New York State on the grounds that he has a recurring dislocation of the shoulder and that continued

boxing might lead to serious and permanent injury.

But it takes more than a medical report to keep Willie Pep out of the ring. He can point out that he has won 27 of his last 28 contests, a record which many virile youngsters would envy.

And as he says: "Compared with Archie Moore, I'm still a kid."

Pep, who was not kayoed once in his first 130 fights, has taken part in fourteen world title bouts and lost only three—all against Saddler.

Now he faces another world champion, and, though the title is not at stake, it is certain that he will teach young Bassey a trick or two. For it is ring-wise Pep more than anything else which has kept Pep in business so long.

A Strange Sickness Hits Horses

By JAMES PARK

A mysterious illness which has so far baffled the veterinary surgeons has caused the death of some valuable racehorses in England. For want of a better name it is called grass sickness. It is virulent and painful, the stomach becomes hard and the horses are unable to eat or drink.

I believe it was first heard of in the North. Now it seems to have travelled to Newmarket. Lady Rosebery told me her husband has lost two highly-bred three-year-olds in Capponcini and Bra.

They were delicately constituted fillies and such animals do not seem to stand up to the complaint so well as more robust colls.

The Equine Research Station at Newmarket are tackling the problem.

SCEPTRE—CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

Could She Reverse 107 Years Of Anglo-American History?

The Cunarder Alsatia last Tuesday brought to New York a valuable cargo which could reverse 107 years of Anglo-American history. Stowed in cradles on her deck was the gleaming white 12-metre yacht Sceptre—Britain's seventeenth challenger for the coveted America's Cup.

This yachting trophy is an ornate, bottomless silver-plated cup, valued at less than £100. To yachtsmen, it is the oldest trophy inter-nationally contested in any artistic and mineral value is

less than £100. To yachtsmen, it is the oldest trophy inter-nationally contested in any artistic and mineral value is

By JOHN COTTRELL

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JANESVILLE, WIS. 22 June 1958 No. 128
MERCHANTS & SAVINGS BANK
Robert M. Johnson
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Her Chances

What kind of yacht is this lone challenger which will attempt to brighten the blackest record in the history of British sport? And what are her chances of success?

Sceptre is a beautiful and elegant yacht, a masterpiece of British craftsmanship. Not for a great many years has a yacht of comparable size been built in Britain with such single-mindedness directed at speed above all.

Sceptre has been built to the design of 55-year-old Scottish naval architect David Boyd, after exhaustive tank tests with eight models. Her shape is conventional, but much else about her is quite new.

A most unusual feature is the big open cockpit which extends from just aft of the mast to the stern. The cockpit which extends right across the vessel. This means the crew need not hang on for dear life when the yacht is heeled and they can avoid getting in each other's way.

Nearly all her sails are of Terylene, specially heat-treated after weaving to produce a smooth, dense and friction-free surface. Her ropes are also of Terylene, and much of her running rigging is dyed in different colours for quick identification by the crew under racing conditions.

The enormous steering wheel has been cut from one solid piece of reinforced plastic.

It has been estimated that Sceptre has an overall length of 70 feet and waterline length of 44 feet, with a 12-foot beam. She should carry about 2,000 square feet of sail.

Her aluminium alloy mast is 90 feet high and is supported with a single narrow set of spreaders and a small set of jumper struts.

Engaged In Trials

Sceptre was launched on April 2, and for nearly three months has been engaged in trials, with Owen Asher's 22-year-old 12-metre Eynae acting as pace-maker.

In more than a dozen successive races in Poole Bay, Eynae was the winner—results which sparked off harsh criticism of Sceptre and her crew. It has even been suggested that Eynae should be Britain's challenger for the Cup.

But over the past month, Sceptre has acquitted herself superbly. The recent score is very much in the new vessel's favour.

It's all a question of conditions. Sceptre is at her best in moderate or heavy weather. Most of the races she lost to Eynae were in winds of less than eight knots, and often in really light airs.

Has too much emphasis been put on heavy weather in designing and crewing the Sceptre?

Boxing might lead to serious and permanent injury.

But it takes more than a medical report to keep Willie Pep out of the ring. He can point out that he has won 27 of his last 28 contests, a record which many virile youngsters would envy.

And as he says: "Compared with Archie Moore, I'm still a kid."

Pep, who was not kayoed once in his first 130 fights, has taken part in fourteen world title bouts and lost only three—all against Saddler.

Now he faces another world champion, and, though the title is not at stake, it is certain that he will teach young Bassey a trick or two. For it is ring-wise Pep more than anything else which has kept Pep in business so long.

Last autumn a team of experts went to the States to assess conditions on the Cup course and to collect data on the wind strengths there over the past 30 years. They concluded that fairly tough weather was to be expected in September.

So Sceptre was designed with this in mind. And Commander Mann, who has had the most experience of handling Sceptre, says: "I would prefer heavy weather at Rhode Island, though I think she will do well in heavy or light airs."

Commander Sam Brooks, technical adviser, dismisses any suggestion that Eynae can now outpace the challenger—even in light weather.

A Pity

But doubt exists on this point, and since the Sceptre syndicate have shown a determination to leave nothing to chance, it seems a pity that Eynae is not being sent to the States as well.

There is a widely-held belief that the challenger must be decided months in advance. In fact, the rules allow a yacht to be substituted up to one week before the date of the first race.

Much of the credit for Eynae's good performance must go to her professional skipper, 50-year-old Stan "Arch" Bishop. His late appointment, as skipper of Sceptre was a most heartening step.

Although he has had barely three weeks to get to know the new yacht, it was a wise move to give the job to Bishop. This hawk-faced skipper is tough, skilled and highly experienced. A born leader of men, he is just the kind of strong personality needed to bring out the best in Sceptre's crew.

Until July 9, Jim Siorance was Sceptre's skipper. His late replacement shows the tremendous will-to-win of the men behind the America's Cup challenge.

"Everybody is expendable," says Mr Hugh Goodson, chairman of the syndicate of the Royal Yacht Squadron backing the enterprise. "Our only endeavour is to get that boat through the water as quickly as possible."

If Sceptre is beaten it will not be through lack of adequate preparation—the main cause, many experts believe, of all Britain's past defeats in the event.

Scores of yachtsmen from all walks of life were given exhaustive trials, and a potential crew was in training as early as September, 1957.

Evenly Matched

The men have been shown films of previous races, to familiarise them with some of the problems involved in racing for the Cup.

They have been on board Sceptre at 7 a.m. each morning and rarely ashore before six in the evening.

The defending and challenging yachts are likely to be evenly matched. "There cannot be a great deal of difference in yacht design and the sailing ability must count for a great deal,"

say's Commander Mann.

Indeed, the history of the event shows that it is not even enough to have the better vessel. In 1934, Britain's Endeavour I was a faster-sailing vessel than America's Rainbow, but the latter won the series because she had the more talented and determined crew.

Sceptre should match any of the three new American Twelve's, the old and famous Vim. But whether the British crew has the skill and determination to match the Americans remains to be seen.

This time, the British challenger has advantages not enjoyed by her predecessors. The biggest is that she can be shipped across the Atlantic instead of crossing under her own "steam."

This change in the rules was authorised in December, 1956, by the Supreme Council of the State of New York.

The old rule seriously handicapped British challengers. It took weeks off their crew-training programme, while the defenders were fresh and better prepared for battle.

This time too, much information about the British challenger has been withheld. The RYS syndicate is determined that no details of their yacht's hull or new devices shall leak out.

Secrecy Essential

Experience has taught them that secrecy is essential. That Endeavour I was turned up in the Solent for the Cup races of 1934, she used a sail which had been specially designed for her—a quadrilateral jib. This sail was a potential race winner.

But also in the Solent at the time was the American yachtman and he promptly cabled details of the sail to the defenders. By the time of the races the Americans had a bigger, sectioned quadrilateral jib than the British.

The Endeavour-Rainbow series was the closest match in the history of the Cup. Britain lost.

In those days it was always customary for the British and American designers to exchange plans after the races. This was a harmless habit until 1934 when the Americans started tank-testing.

In that year Endeavour I was faster than the American yacht. So having been giving the plans, the Americans were able, by tank tests, to produce a yacht which they knew was much faster.

This they did, and in 1937, when the Cup races were last held, they won again.

Lack of funds has been the chief reason for the 21-year lapse of the event, but now the expense has been reduced by another change in the rules. The minimum waterline length of competing yachts has been reduced from 65 feet to 44 feet, enabling 12-metres to be used.

Altogether, the cost of building and preparing Sceptre for the Cup challenge is estimated at £28,000. So as well as being the smallest challenger in the history of this fabulous competition, she is the cheapest. Britain hopes she will also be the first successful one.

POP

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Page 20

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1958.

Sheaffer's
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING SILVER TIP

Kiwi's Match With Northants Ends In A Draw

Northampton, Aug. 15.
After a day of declarations Northamptonshire found their final target of 240 runs in 150 minutes too much for them against the New Zealanders today and the match ended in a draw.

The New Zealand bowling was too accurate for the county to make much headway in their first task and they reached 111 for two when the game was given up without the extra half hour being taken.

The first declaration came this morning when the county declared 100 runs behind.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11.30 Grand. Part 2. "A Visit to an Old Bachelor." Major Westbury as Mr. Gaskin; 12 noon, 1.15 p.m. "The Three Men on a Horse." Keynote: Capers; 1.30, Weather Report; 1.45, News and Special Announcements; 2.00, George Menzies and orchestra; 2.15, Saturday Requiem, presented by Nick Kendall; 2.30, Phil Vance, episode 35, "The High Hat Murder Case"; 3.30, Patti Page in Rhythm, "The Big Record"; 4.00, Songs of the Prairie; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5.00, Music by Betty & Broadway; 5.15, Meet the Stars; 5.30, Stanley Holloway and Grace Field; 5.45, Patti Page with Ray Anthony's orchestra; 6.00, Meet the Stars; 6.15, Patti Page with Ray Anthony's orchestra; 6.30, Voice of Sport; 6.45, News and Views of the Colony's Sports and Sportsmen; 7.00, Top 8 Tunes of the Week; 7.30, Music from Maxima; 10.00, Hollywood Open House; 10.30, Paul Whiteman remounts; 11.00, Dance Party; 12 mid. Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. The Great Gildersleeve; 2.30, The Danny Kaye Show; 3.00, Cantonese Feature; The Spoiled Child; 4.30, Life of Riley; 5.00, Children's Hour; 5.15, Curious; 5.30, Short Film; "Penny Questions"; 5.50, Film; Jungle Jim in Gift of Evil; 6.00, Close Down; 7.30, The Chung Lee Show; 7.45, World and Colony News; 8.00, Feature; 8.15, Merle Oberon; 8.30, George Brent; 8.45, Geraldine Fitzgerald; 9.00, Pat O'Brien in "We Meet Again"; A story that starts in Hongkong; 9.15, News Headlines, Weather Report and Announcements; Close Down.

Northampton, Aug. 15.

After a day of declarations Northamptonshire found their final target of 240 runs in 150 minutes too much for them against the New Zealanders today and the match ended in a draw.

The New Zealand bowling was too accurate for the county to make much headway in their first task and they reached 111 for two when the game was given up without the extra half hour being taken.

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U.S. One Up In Davis Cup Play-Off Against Argentina

Rye, N.Y., Aug. 15.
Barry Mackay, a hot and cold slugger from Dayton, Ohio, sent the U.S. off to a flying start in the American zone Davis Cup tennis final today with 6-2, 6-2, 3-6, 6-3 victory over Eduardo Soriano of Argentina but Ham Richardson of Arlington, Virginia, was thwarted by a violent thunderstorm in his bid to make it 2-0.

Richardson, conservative but deadly, led Argentine ace Enrique Morea, 6-1, 6-2, 4-5—with Ham's service coming up—when rain drenched the wet courts at the Westchester Country Club.

The match will be resumed at that point tomorrow. It will be followed by a doubles match pitting Mackay and Sammy Giammalva of Jouston, Texas, against Morea and Soriano.

If the Americans can sweep both matches, as expected, it will qualify them for a trip to Australia where they will meet the winner between Italy and the Philippines for the right to challenge Australia in the final round.—U.P.I.

In the county's first innings Guy made his 43 in two hours with six fours. The New Zealanders began slowly but later the pace quickened and Miller had seven fours among his strokes.

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Secret Society Thugs Vanish From Singapore Chinatown Streets

By RICHARD MYERSCOUGH

Singapore, Aug. 15.

Singapore's tattooed secret society thugs have vanished from the streets of Chinatown.

Seventy-two of them are being held by the Police under the anti-subversive preservation of public security ordinance and the rest have gone into hiding.

Goaded by the society slaying of four men in the first eight days of August, the Singapore Government this week gave itself drastic new powers to deal with the societies.

In the two days preceding the passing of the new law, Police armed with carbines swarmed into Chinatown, making mass arrests.

Society men were hauled from their beds in the early hours of the morning, and all known gang haunts were raided.

Chinese secret societies control the Singapore underworld. They extract "protection money" from minor crooks and prostitutes and from bars, cafes, taxi-drivers, shopkeepers, hawkers, and even school-children.

Originally resistance movements against imperial rule in China, they are part of the fabric of Chinese life.

They are not only gangster organisations but are also a sort of "masonic lodge," youth club and local government.

Their influence penetrates into politics and they have tried to manipulate elections.

Under ordinary criminal law, the Police are powerless against the societies.

Without Trial

It may now imprison suspected criminals for up to two years without a trial.

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